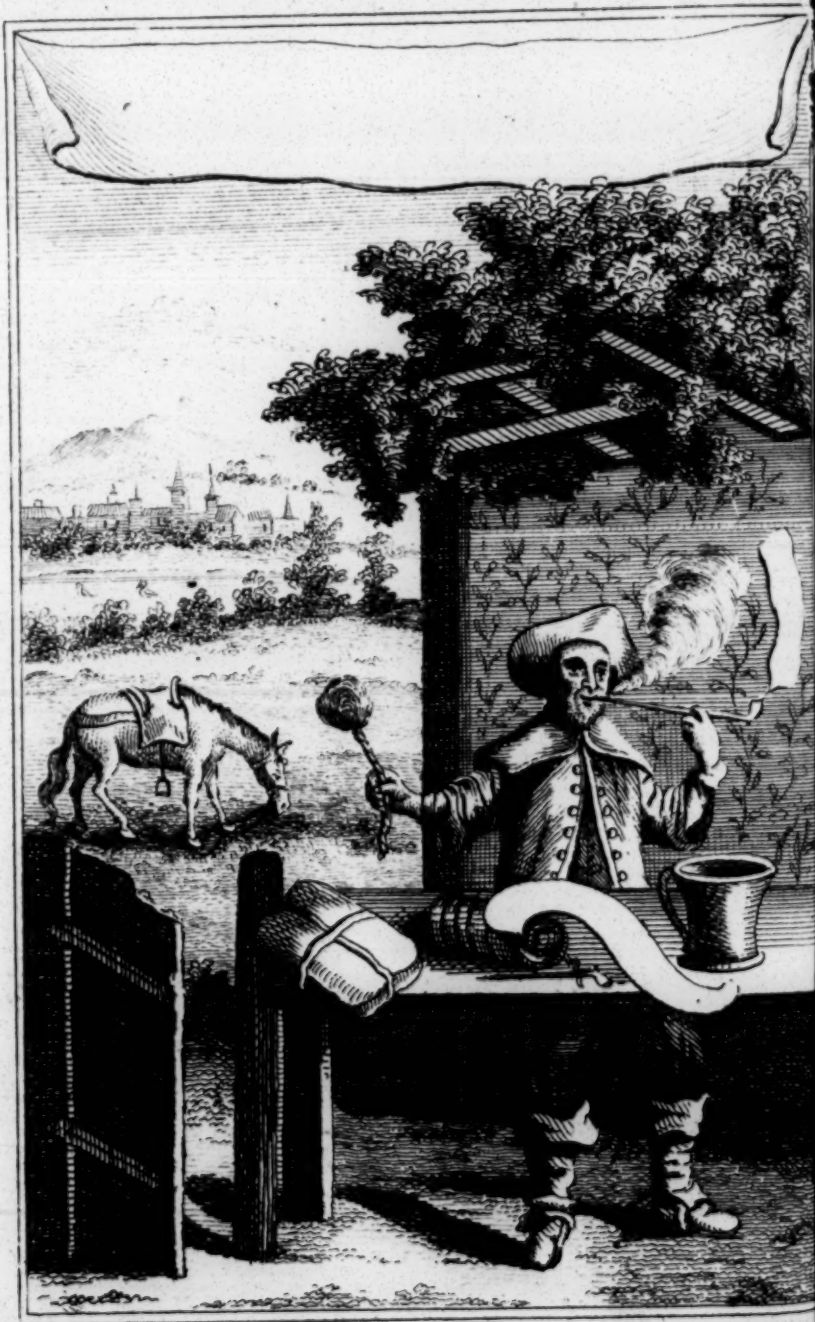




H. Corymbosus. p. 100.

DRUNKEN BARNABY'S
FOUR JOURNEYS
TO THE
NORTH of ENGLAND.

In LATIN and ENGLISH METRE.

Vittily and merrily (tho' an Hundred
Years ago) compos'd; found among some old
musty Books that had lain a long Time by in
a Corner, and now at last made public.

TOGETHER WITH

B E S S Y B E L L.

To which is now added, (never before published)

The Ancient BALLAD of

C H E V Y C H A S E.

In LATIN and ENGLISH VERSE.

*Hic est quem quæris, ille quem requiris,
Toto notus in Orbe—* Britannus. Mart.

BARNABAS Ebrius.

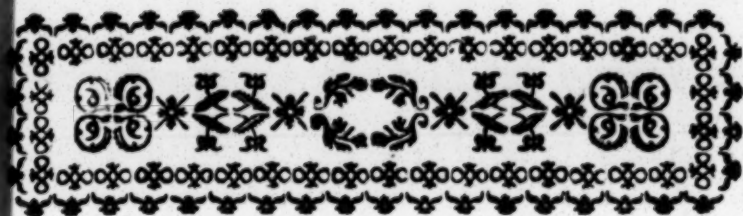
The FOURTH EDITION,
Illustrated with several Neat COPPER-PLATES.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. STUART, No. 67 PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

MDCCLXXVIII.





THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
R E A D E R.

I*T will not, I hope, be thought Un-
necessary, if I lay before the Reader
my Reason for republishing this fa-
cetious little Book, after a delitescency
of near a Hundred Years. Being de-
sired by a Gentlewoman to look over
a Par-*

To the Reader.

a Parcel of Old Books, among 'em I chanc'd upon DRUNKEN BARNABY, which reading gave me Satisfaction for my Trouble; whereupon I took a Resolution to publish it, that others might therewith be pleas'd as well as myself. What I can gather of the Author is chiefly from himself; for he says, Coming to a Place call'd Harrington, he was well pleas'd with the Omen, and spent some Money there for Name-sake, so that I conclude his Name was BARNABY HARRINGTON. He further says, that after a tedious Journey of about Six Miles a Day, and sometimes Three

To the Reader.

or Four, (very weary, and heavy laden) he at last arriv'd at Appleby in Westmoreland, where he was born, and where, if I mistake not, there are some Remains of the Family still living. That he was a Graduate in Queen's College, Oxon, is plain, but I have not had an Opportunity of knowing what Degrees he took. 'Tis the Man, no doubt, of whom the Song says,

Hey Barnaby! take't for a Warning, &c.

He says, he afterwards (after Four Journeys backward and forward) married in the Country, turn'd Farmer,

a

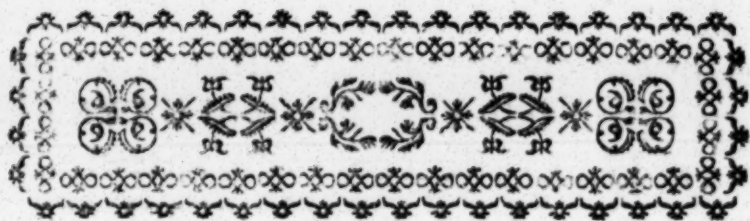
and

To the Reader.

and frequented the Horse-Fairs all round the Country, buying Horses when cheap, and (like a true Jockey) selling them when dear, upon which he is very pleasant. I thought fit to say thus much, and more I have not, only wish the Reader pleas'd, as I was.



Editor



Editor Lectori.



UUM primum reperi
libellum hunc lepidissi-
mum legendo gaude-
bam, quod & tu facies
cum legeris nullus du-
bito. Editum inveni absq; æra,
absq; nomine vel Authoris, vel
Bibliopolæ, vel Typographi, aut
ullo alio indicio possessorem ullum
indicante, ergo statui mei juris
esse, inq; lucem emisi. De Au-
thore quod certum est subjiciam :

Editor Lectori.

Ab amico meo doctissimo nunc præfule intellexi Authorem BARNABAM HARRINGTON fuisse ante multos annos (forte nonaginta aut centum) vel Socium, vel Artium Magistrum, aut saltem Membrum Collegii Reginensis apud *Oxonienſes*, quod innuit etiam Authore sæpius. Natus erat, ut ait ipse, Aballabæ Westmarorum inter Septentriones ex antiqua stirpe, prole ibi adhuc manente. Hic est famosissimus ille de quo decantatum illud & tritum apud vulgus cantillatur,

Hey Barnaby! take't for a Warning,

Be no more drunk nor dry in a Morning.

De Libro nulla est necessitas addendi quidquam, facile perleges,
&

Editor Lectori.

& perlecto Judicabis. De Versu,
de Metro, de Erroribus neq; est
quod addam, ipse enim Autor satis
ludicre in Errata libro præfixa seip-
sum vindicavit, quum ait,

Quid si sedem muto sede?

Quid si Carmen claudio pede?

Quid si noctem sensi diem?

Quid si veprem esse viam?

Sat est, Verbum declinavi,

“*Titubo, titubas, titubavi.*”

Vale & ride affatim, Lector.





Loyal P H E A N D E R
TO HIS
Royal A L E X A N D E R.

THE Title, Noble Friend, of *Ale-xander*,
Were it nought else, implies a great *Com-*
mander :

And so you shall be still of me and mine,
With *Barnaby* couch'd in a reeling Rhime :
Nor wonder, Friend, if his Dimensions reel,
Whose *Head* makes such Iambicks with his
Heel.



er,
m-

el,
his

BARNABÆ
ITINERARIUM,

MIRTILI & FAUSTULI

NOMINIBUS INSIGNITUM:

Viatoris Solatio nuperrimè editum,
aptissimis numeris redactum, veteri-
que Tono BARNABÆ publicè de-
cantatum.

Authore CORYMBÆO.



L O N D I N I

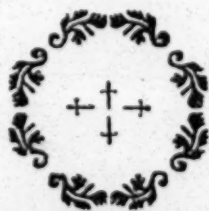
IMPENSIS AB ANNO 1774.

BARNABY'S
JOURNAL,
UNDER THE NAMES OF
MIRTIUS and *FAUSTULUS*

SHADOW'D:

For the Traveller's Solace lately
publish'd, to most apt Numbers reduc'd,
and to the old Tune of BARNABY
commonly chanted.

By CORYMBÆUS.



L O N D O N

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1774.



IN ERRATA.

L Ector, ne mireris illa,
Villam si mutavi villa,
Si regressum feci metro,
Retro ante, ante retro
Inferendo, " ut præpono
Godmanchester Harmingtono.
Quid si breves fiant longi?
Si vocales sint diphthongi?
Quid si graves sint acuti?
Si accentus fiant muti?
Quid si placide, plene, plane,
Fregi frontem Prisciani?
Quid si sedem muto sede?
Quid si Carmen claudo pede?
Quid si noctem sensi diem?
Quid si veprem esse viam?
Sat est, Verbum declinavi,
" Titubo, titubas, titubavi."



Upon the ERRATA's.

R *Eader*, think no Wonder by it,
If with Town I've Town supplied;
If my Metre's backward Nature
Set before what shou'd be later:
"As for Instance is exprest there,
Harrington after *Godmanchester*.
What tho' *Breve's* be made *Longo's*,
What tho' *Vowels* be *Diphthongo's*
What tho' *Graves* become *Acute* too?
What tho' *Accents* become *mute* too?
What tho' freely, fully, plainly,
I've broke *Priscian's* Forehead mainly?
What tho' Seat with Seat I've strained?
What tho' my limp Verse be maimed?
What tho' Night I've ta'en for Day too?
What tho' I've made Briers my Way too?
Know ye, I've declin'd most bravely,
" *Titubo, titubas, titubavi.*"

TO



A D

VIATOREM.

O*ppida dum peragras, perag-
rando Poemata spectes,
Spectando titubes, Barnabe, no-
men habes.*

A D



TO THE
TRAVELLER.

Towns while thou walk'st
And see'st this Poetry,
And seeing, stumblest,
Thou art BARNABY.

TO



A D

TRANSLATOREM.

P*essimus est Cerdo, qui tran-
stulit ordine calvo,*

*Non res sed voces percutiendis
leves,*

*Ast hic Translator corii perama-
bilis Actor,*

*Qui rithmo pollens fit ratione
satur.*

In-



M. TO THE
TRANSLATOR.

an- THAT paltry Patcher is
a bold Translator,
nd- Whose *Awl* bores at the *Words*
but not the *Matter* :

na- But *this Translator* makes
good Use of Leather,
ione By stitching *Rhyme* and *Reason*
both together.

In- In-



Index Operis.

MUlciber, Uva, Venus,
redolens ampulla, Si-
lenus,

Effigiem titulis explicuere suis.

*Sic me Parnassi Deserta per ar-
dua dulcis*

Raptat amor——

Bar-



The INDEX of this Work.

V *Ulcan, Grape, Venus,*
Bottle, Silen's Hook,

Have all explained

The Title of this Book.

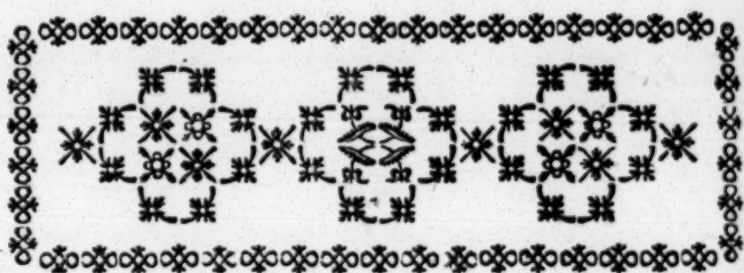
Thus through vast Defarts,
 Promontories wild,

Parnassus-Love draws

Bacchus' only Child.

B

Barna-



Barnabæ Harringtoni

Et nunc & dudum decantati

ITINERARIUM

Boream quater retroversus.

Part Prima.

Mirtillus & Faustulus Interlocutores.

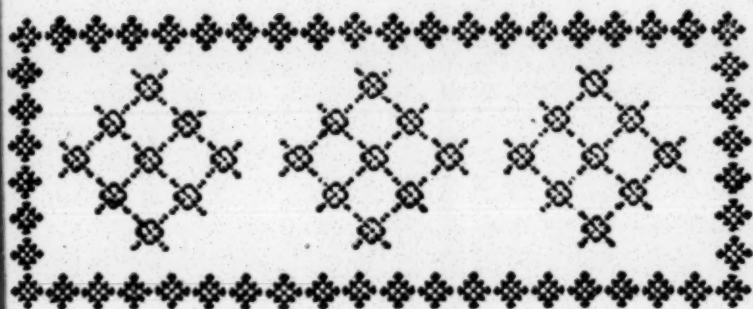
Mirtil.

O Faustule ! *tende palmam,*
Accipe calicem vitibus aliam ;
Tunc vinctus es dolore ?

Uvæ tinctus sis colore.

Sperne opes, sperne dapes,
Merge curas, rectè sapis.

O Fau-



The Famous

Barnaby Harrington's

TRAVELS to the North,

Four times backward and forward.

Part the First.

Mirtillus and *Faustulus*, a Dialogue.

Mirtil. -

O Little *Faustus* ! stretch thy Hand out,
 Take thy Liquor, do not stand out ;
 Art thou 'prest with griping Dolour ?
 Let rich Wine advance thy Colour.
 Bread's a Binder, Wealth's a Miser,
 Drink down Care, and thou'lt be wiser.

B 2

Little

O Fastule, dic amico
 Quo in loco, quò in vico,
 Sive campo, sive tecto,
 Sine linteo, sine lecto,
 Propinasti, queis tabernis,
 An in Terris, an Avernis?



Faustul.

O Mirtille! baculum fixi
 Mille locis ubi vixi,
 In pistrinis, in popinis,
 In Coquinis, in Culinis,
 Huc, & illuc, istic, ibi,
 Hausi potus, plus quam cibi.

In progressu Boreali,
 Ut processi ab Australi,
 Veni Banbury, O profanum!
 Ubi vidi Puritanum,

Little *Faustus*, tell thy true Heart,
In what Region, Coast, or new Part ;
Field or Fold thou hast been bousing,
Without Linen, Bedding, Housing ;
In what Tavern, pray thee show us,
Here on Earth, or else below us ?



Faustus.

O *Mirtillus* ! I will shew thee
Thousand Places since I saw thee,
In the Bakehouse I had switching,
In the Tap-house, Cook-shop, Kitchen ;
This Way, that Way, each Way shrank I,
Little eat I, deeply drank I.

In my Progress travelling Northward,
Taking farewell of the Southward,
To *Banbury* came I, O prophane-One !
Where I saw a Puritane-One

6 Barnabæ Itinerarium.

*Felem facientem furem,
Quod Sabbatho stravit Murem.*

*Veni Oxon, cui comes
Est Minerva, fons Platonis ;
Unde scatent peramœne
Aganippe, Hippocrene ;
Totum fit Atheniense,
Imo Cornu Riginense.*

*Inde Godstow, cum Amicis,
Vidi Tumbam Meretricis ;
Rosamundam tegit humus,
Pulvis & umbra corpore sumus ;
Sic qui teget, quæ tegetur,
Ordine certo sepelietur.*

*Inde Woodstock, quo spectandum
Labyrinthum memorandum
Ferunt ; sed spectare nollem,
Reperi vivam Hospitem mollem ;*

7 NO 55



Hanging of his Cat on Monday,
For killing of a Mouse on Sunday.

To *Oxford* came I, whose Companion
Is *Minerva*, Well *Platonian* :
From whose Seat do stream most seemly,
Aganippe, *Hippocrene* ;
Each thing there's the *Muse's Minion*,
The Horn at *Queens* speaks pure *Athenian*.

Thence to *Godstow*, with my Lovers,
Where a Tomb a Strumpert covers ;
Rosamund lies there interr'd,
Flesh to Dust and Shades compar'd ;
Lie he above, or lie she under,
To be bury'd is no wonder.

Thence to *Woodstock* I resorted,
Where a Labyrinth's reported ;
No more of that, it is above me,
I found a tender Housewife that did love me ;

*Gratior sociis est jocundis,
Mille mortuis Rosamundis.*

*Veni Barkley, ubi natus
Stirpe vili Magistratus,
Quem conspexi residentem,
Stramine tectum contegentem,
Et me vocans, "Male agis,
" Bibe minus, ede magis.*

*Veni Daintree cum puella,
Procerum celebre duello.
Ibi bibi in Caupona,
Nota muliere bona,
Cum qua vixi semper idem,
Donec creta fregit fidem.*

*Veni Leicester ad Campanam,
Ubi mentem læsi sanam ;
Prima nocte mille modis
Flagellarunt me Custodes,*

And her Guests more sweetly eyeing,
Than thousand *Rosamonds* a dying.

From thence to *Barkley*, as did beseem one,
The May'r I saw, a wond'rous mean one,
Sitting, Thatching, and bestowing
On a Wind-blown House a Strawing;
On me call'd he, and did charm me,
“ Drink less, eat more, I do warn thee.”

Thence to *Daintree* with my *Jewel*,
Famous for a *Noble Duel*,
Where I drank, and took my Common
In a Tap-house with my Woman:
While I had it, there I paid it,
Till long *chalking* broke my Credit.

Thence I came to th' *Bell* at *Leicester*,
Where strong Ale my Brains did pester;
First Night before I was admitted
By the Watchmen I was whipped,

Black

*Pelle sparsi sunt livores
Meos castigare mores.*

*Veni Gotham, ubi multos
Si non omnes vidi stultos,
Nam scrutando reperi unam
Salientem contra Lunam,
Alteram nitidum puellam
Offerentem Porco sellam.*

*Veni * Nottingham, tyrones
Sherwoodenses sunt Latrones,*

Instar

** Mortimeriados morti dos, Gloria Pulvis,
Atria sunt frondes, Nobilis Aula seges.
Nunc gradus Anfractus. Cisterna fluenta spadonis,
Amplexus Vermes, oscula mista rogis.*

*Clamat Tempus edo, vocemque repercutit Echo,
Sed Nunquam redeo, voce Resurgit ego.*

*O vos Heroes ! attendite fata Sepulchris,
Heroum, patriis qui Rediere thoris !
Non estis luti Melioris in orbe Superbis,
Hi Didicere mori, discite morte sequi.*

Black and Blue like any Tetter,
Beat I was to make me Better.

Thence to *Gotham*, where, sure am I,
Though not all Fools, I saw many ;
Here a She-Bull found I prancing,
And in Moon-shine nimbly dancing :
There another wanton mad one,
Who her Hog was set astride on.

Thence to * *Nottingham*, where Rovers,
Highway Riders, *Sherwood* Drovers,

Like

* Brave *Mortimer's* now dead, his Glory Dust,
His Courts are clad with Grass, his Hall with Rust,
His Stairs steep Steps, his Horse-troughs Cisterns are,
Worms his Embraces, Kisses Ashes share.

Time cries, *I eat*, and Eccho answers it :
But gone, e'er to return, is held unfit.

O Heroes ! of these Heroes take a view ;
They're to their Fathers gone, and so must you !
Of better Clay you are not than these Men,
And they are dead, and you must follow them.

*Instar Robin Hood & Servi
Scarlet & Joannis Parvi ;
Passim, sparsim peculantur,
Cellis, Sylvis deprædantur.*

*Veni Mansfield, ubi noram
Mulierculam decoram,
Cum qua nudum feci pactum.
Dedi ictum, egi actum,
Sed pregnantem timens illam,
Sprevi villam & ancillam.*

*Veni * Overbowles, ubi † Dani
Habitant tempore Jani ;
Pater oppidanus callis
Circumcirca clausus vallis,*

Castris,

* Temporibus Jani Sedes fuit ultima † Dani,
Conspicuis vallis obsita, fixa palis.

Like old *Robin Hood*, and *Scarlet*,
Or like Little *John* his *Varlet* ;
Here and there they shew them *Doughty*,
In Cells and Woods to get their *Booty*.

Thence to *Mansfield*, Where I knew one,
That was a comely and a true one,
With her a naked Compact made I,
Her long lov'd I, with her laid I ;
Town and her I left both, doubtful
Lest my Love had made her fruitful.

Thence to * *Overbowles*, where † *Danus*
Dwelt with's *Danes* in time of *Janus* ;
Way to th' Town is well dispos'd,
All about with Trenches clos'd ;

Pallisa-

* In *Janus* time was † *Danus* seated here,
As by their Pales and Trenches may appear.

*Castris, claustris, & speluncis
 Tectus cæcis, tectus juncis.
 Sacra die èd veni,
 Ædes Sanctæ erant plenæ,
 Quorum percitus exemplo,
 Quia Hospes erat Templo,
 Intrans vidi Sacerdotem,
 Igne fatuo poculis notum.*

*Glires erant incolæ villæ,
 Ipse clamat, dormiunt illi;
 Ipse tamen vixit ita,
 Si non corde, veste trita;
 Fortem præ se ferens gestum,
 Fregit pedibus * Suggestum.
 Qua Occasione natâ
 Tota grex † expurgesacta,*

Sacer-

* Fragmina suggesti sacrarunt fercula festi.

Lucret.

† O cives, cives, Sacris attendite rivis,
 Præceptor legerit, vos vero negligitis.

Pallifadoes hid with Bushes,
Rampires overgrown with Rushes.
On a Feast-day I came thither,
When Good People flock'd together,
Where (induc'd by Host's example)
I repair'd unto the Temple,
Where I heard the Preacher gravely,
With his red Nose tipt most bravely.

Dormice-like the People seem'd,
Though he cry'd, they sleeping dream'd;
For his Life, tho' there was harm in't,
Heart was less rent than his Garment:
With his Feet he did so thunder,
That the * Pulpit fell asunder.
Which Occasion having gotten
All † awake, the Pulpit broken,

While

* The fragments of which Pulpit they were pleas'd
To sacrifice to th' Ashes of their Feast. *Lucret.*
† Pray you, good Townsmen, sacred Springs affect,
Let not your Preacher read, and you neglect.

*Sacerdote dereliecto,
Tabulis fractis graviter iecto,
Pransum redeunt, unus horum,
Plebem sequor non Pastorem.*

*Veni Clowne, ubi vellem
Pro liquore dare pellem,
Ibi cerebro inani
Vidi Conjugem Vulcani,
Quæ me Hospitem tractat bene
Donec restat nil crumenæ.*

*Veni Rothram usque Taurum,
Et reliqui ibi Aurum,
Diu steti, sed in pontem
Titubando fregi frontem,
Quo pudore pulsus, doctæ
Clam putabam ire nocte.*

*Veni Doncaster, ubi sitam
Vidi levem & Levitam,*

While the Preacher lay sore wounded,
With more Boards than Beards furrounded;
All to Dinner, who might faster,
So among them I left Pastor.

Thence to *Clowne* I came the quicker,
Where I'd given my Skin for Liquor;
None was there to entertain us,
But a Nogging of *Vulcanus*;
Who afford't me Welcome plenty,
Till my Seam-rent Purse was empty.

Thence to th' *Bull* at *Rothram* came I,
Where my Gold, if I had any,
Left I, long I stoutly roared,
Till on Bridge I broke my Forehead,
Whence asham'd, while Forehead smarted,
I by Night-time thence departed.

Thence to *Donc'ster*, who'll believe it?
Both a *Light-one* and a *Levite*,

*Quæ vieta & vetusta,
Parum pulchra aut venusta,
Cupit tamen penetrari,
Pingi, pungi, osculari.*

*Veni * Aberford, ubi notum
Quod aciculis emunt potum,
Pauperes sunt & indigentes,
Multum tamen sitientes;
Parum habent, nec habentur
Ulla, quæ non tenet venter.*

* Eo tempore, quo in hoc pauperiore Vic
hospitium suscepimus quidam Acicularius, è greg
præ cæteris, fama egregius, aciculari pulvere su
focatus interiit; in cujus memoriam hoc inscri
ptum comperimus Epitaphium :

——— O Mors crudelis !
Quæ tuis telis
Artificem stravisti
Qui meliorem
Erasit pulverem
Quam tu de eo fecisti.

There I view'd; too, too aged,
Yet to Love so far engaged,
That on Earth she only wished
To be painted, pricked, kissed.

Thence to * *Aberford*, whose Beginning
Came from buying Drink with Pinning :
Poor they are, and very needy,
Yet of Liquor very greedy :
Had they never so much Plenty,
Belly'd make their Purfes empty.

C 2

Thence

* At such Time as we sojourn'd in this poor
Village, it chanc'd that a certain Pinner, and
of the choicest of all his Flock, being choak'd
with Pin-dust, dy'd; to whose Memory we find
this Epitaph recorded :

——— O cruel Death !

To rob this Man of Breath,
Who, while he liv'd, in scraping of a Pin,
Made better Dust than thou hast made of him.

*Veni * Wetherb, ubi visam
Clari Ducis meretricem,
Amplexurus, porta strepit,
Et strependo Dux me cepit ;
Ut me cepit, aurem vellit,
Et præcepitem foris pellit.*

*Hinc diverso cursu, Jero
Quod audissem de Pindero
Wakefeeldensi, gloria Mundi,
Ubi socii sunt jucundi,
Mecum statui peragraræ
Georgii fustem visitare.*

*Veni Wakefeeld peramænum,
Ubi quærens Georgium Grenum,
Non inveni, sed in lignum
Fixum reperi Georgii signum,*

* In Corneolo Angiportu,
Subamœniore Hortu
Speciosa manet scorta,
Meretrícia Procans sporta.

Thence to * *Wetherb*, where an apt one
To be *Punk* unto a Captain
I embrac'd, as I had got it,
But Door creak'd, and Captain smoak'd it:
Took me by th' Ears, and so drew me,
Till head-long down Stairs he threw me.

Turning thence, none cou'd me hinder
To salute the *Wakefield Pindar*;
Who indeed is the World's Glory,
With his *Comrades* never sorry,
This was the Cause, lest you should miss it,
George's Club I meant to visit.

U Strait at *Wakefield* I was seen a,
Where I fought for *George à Green* a;
But cou'd find not such a Creature,
Yet on a Sign I saw his Feature;
C 3 Where

* Near *Horn-Alley*, in a Garden,
A Wench more wanton than *Kate Arden*,
Sojourns, one that scorns a Waist-coat,
Wooring Clients with her Basket.

*Ubi allam bibi feram,
Donec Georgio fortior eram.*

*Veni Bradford, cessi foris
In Familiam Amoris,
Amant istæ & amantur,
Crescunt & multiplicantur,
Spiritus instructi armis,
Nocte colunt opera carnis.*

*Veni Kighley, ubi montes
Mintantes, vivi fontes,
Ardui colles, aridæ valles,
Læti tamen sunt Sodales,
Festivantes & jucundi,
Ac si Domini essent Mundi.*

*Veni Giggleswick, parum frugis
Profert tellus clausa jugis ;*

Where Strength of Ale had so much stir'd me,
That I grew stouter far than *Jordie*.

Thence to *Bradford*, where I enter'd,
In Family where Love oft center'd :
They love, are lov'd, and make no Shew,
Yet still grow, and do encrease too :
Furnish'd with their sprightly Weapons ;
She-flesh feels Priests are no Capons.

Thence to *Kighley*, where are Mountains,
Steepy-threatning, lively Fountains ;
Rising Hills, and barren Vallies,
Yet *Bon-Socio's* and good Fellows ;
Jovial, jocund, jolly Bowlers,
As they were the World's Centroulers.

Thence to *Giggleswick* most steril,
Hemm'd with Rocks and Shelves of Peril :

*Ibi * vena prope viæ
Fluit, refluit, nocte, die,
Neque nôrunt unde vena,
An à sale vel arena.*

*Veni Clapham, unus horum
Qri accivit voce forum,
Prima hora ut me visit,
Mibi Halecem promisit;
Halecem mihi, calicem ei,
Pignus in amoris mei.*

*Veni † Ingleton, ubi degi
Donec Fabri caput fregi,
Quo peraeto, in me ruunt
Mulieres, saxa pluunt,*

Queis

* E gremio collis faliens scatet unda perennis,
Quæ fluit & refluit, nil tamen æstus habet.

† Pirus inest fano, fanum sub acumine Collis,
Collis ab elatis actus & actus auctus Aquis.

ueis

7 NO 37



Near to th' Way as a Traveller goes,
fresh * Spring both ebbs and flows :
Neither know the Learn'd that travel,
What procures it, *Salt* or *Gravel*.

Thence to *Clapham*, drawing nigher,
He that was the common Cryer :
To a Breakfast of one Herring
did invite me first appearing.
Herring he, I Drink bestow'd,
Edges of the Love we ow'd.

Thence to † *Ingleton*, where I liv'd
ill I brake a Blacksmith's Head,
Which done, Women rush'd in on me,
ones like Hail shower'd down upon me :

Whence

Near th' bottom of this Hill, close by the Way,
A fresh Spring ebbs and flows all Hours o'th' Day.

The Poor-man's Box is in the Temple set,
Church under Hill, the Hill by Waters bet.

*Queis perculsus, timens lædi,
His posteriora dedi.*

*Veni Lonesdale, ubi cernam
Aulam factam in Tabernam;
Nitidæ portæ, nivei muri,
Cyathi pleni, paucae curæ;
Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,
Cura dignum nihil vident.*

*Veni Cowbrow, vaccæ collem,
Ubi hospitem tetigi mollem,
Pingui ventre, læto vultu,
Tremulo cursu, trepido cultu,
Uti bibula titubat Vates,
Donec cecidit supra nates.*

*Veni Natland, eo ventus,
Eboraci qui Contemptus
Colligit, hospitium dedit,
Mecum bibit, mecum edit,*

Whence astonish'd fearing harming,
Leave I took, but gave no Warning.

Thence to *Lonesdale*, where I view'd
An Hall, which like a Tavern shew'd;
Neat Gates, white Walls, nought was sparing,
Pots brimfull, no thought of careing:
They eat, drink, laugh, are still Mirth-making,
Nought they see that's worth Care taking.

Thence to *Cowbrow*, Truth I'll tell ye,
Mine Hostess had a supple Belly,
Body plump, and Count'nance chearful,
Reeling Peace (a Welcome fearful)
Like a drunken Hag she stumbled,
Till she on her Buttocks tumbled.

Thence to *Natland*, b'ing come thither,
He who *York's* Contempts did gather,
Gave me Harbour light as Feather,
We both drank and eat together,

28 Barnabæ Itinerarium.

*Semipotus, sicut usi,
Circa May-pole plebe lusi.*

*Veni Kirkland, veni Kendall,
Omnia hausi, vulgo Spend-all,
Nocte, die, peramicè
Bibi potum mistum pice.
“ Tege caput, tende manum,
“ Manu caput fit insanum.”*

*His relictis, Staveley vidi,
Ubi tota Nocte bibi,
Semper lepidus, semper lætus,
Inter hilares vixi Cætus,
Queis jurando sum mansurus,
Donec Barnabæ rediturus.*



FINIS PARTIS PRIMÆ.

Till half tipsy, as it chanced,
We about the *May-pole* danced.

Thence to *Kirkland*, thence to *Kendall*,
I did that which Men call *Spend-all*:
Night and Day with Sociates many,
I drank Ale both thick and clammy.
“Shroud thy Head Boy, stretch thy Hand too,
“Hand has done what Head can't stand to.”

Leaving these, to *Staveley* came I,
Where now all Night drinking am I,
Always frolick, free from Yellows,
With a Confort of good Fellows ;
Where I'll stay, and end my Journey,
Till Brave *Barnaby* return a.



THE END OF THE FIRST PART.



In BACCHI *Thyrsum* & BAR-
NABÆ *Nasum* ;

E P I G R A M M A :
A L I A S ,

Nasutum Dilemma.

HÆdera læta bono non est suspensa falerno,
Thyrsum enim Bacchi, Barnabæ *Nasus* erit
Non opus est Thyrsos, non frondi virent cupressi,
Si non Thyrsus erit, Barnabæ Nasus olet.

Corollarium.

Non Thyrsus, Thyasus ; Cyathus tibi Thyrsus &
Ursus,
Thyrsus quo redoles Ursus ut intus oles.



AR *Upon BACCHUS's Bush and BAR-*
NABY's *Nose;*

: *An EPIGRAM:*

OR, THE

Long-snouted Dilemma.

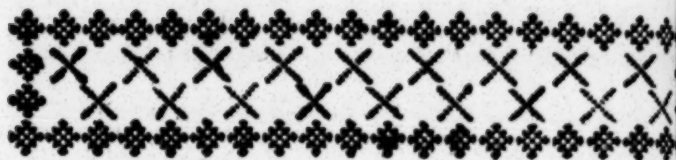
no,
s erit
essi,
G Ood Wineno Bush doth need, as I suppose,
Let *Bacchus* Bush be *Barnaby's* rich Nose.
No Bush, no Garland needs of Cypress green,
Barnaby's Nose may for a Bush be seen.

Corollary.

rsus &
No Bush, no Garland; Pot's thy *Bush* and *Bear*:
Of *Bear* and *Bush* thou smellest all the Year.

Upo

Bar-



Barnabæ Itinerarium.

P A R S II.

Mirtil.

F*Auste (Fastule) rediisti,
 Narra (precor) quo venisti,
 Villos, vicos visitasti,
 Cætus, Situs peragraſti,
 Certe ſcis ab Aquilone,
 Multum mali, parvum boni.*

Fauſt



Barnaby's Journal.

P A R T II.

Mirtil.

YOUNG *Fauste*, happily returned ;
 Tell me, prithee, where'ft sojourned ;
 What Towns, Villages thou'ft viewed,
 What Seats, Sights, or States were fhewed :
 Sure thou know'ft the *North's* uncivil,
 Small Good comes thence, but much Evil.

D

Fau-

Fau-

Faustul.

*Ille ego sum qui quondam,
 Crines, mores, vestes nondum
 Sunt mutatæ, nam recessi,
 Calceamentis queis discessi,
 Neque pectine usus fui,
 Sic me meis juvat frui.
 Sed arrectis auribus audi,
 Quid dilexi, quicquid odi,
 * Pontes, Fontes, Montes, Valles,
 Caulas, Cellas, Colles, Calles,
 Vias, Villas, Vicos, Vices,
 Castas, cautas, meretrices.
 Dicam (quod mirandum) verum,
 Non pauperior sum quam eram,
 Uno nec quadrante ditior,
 Lautior, lætior, nec fælicior,
 Mollior, melior, potior, peior,
 Minus sanus, magis æger.*

* Anglia, mons, fons, pons, Ecclesia, fœmina, lan

Faustul.

What I was once, same I am now,
Hair, Conditions, Garments too ;
Yea, there's no Man justly doubteth,
These the same Shoes I went out with :
And for Comb I ne'er us'd any,
Lest I lost some of my Money.
But attend me, and partake it,
What I loved, what I hated,
* Bridges, Fountains, Mountains, Vallies,
Huts, Cells, Hillocks, Highways, Shallows,
Paths, Towns, Villages, and Trenches,
Chaste, choice. chary, merry Wenches.
Truth I'll tell thee. nothing surer,
Richer am not, nor yet poorer ;
Gladder, madder, nor more pleasing,
Blither, brisker, more in Season ;
Better, worser, thinner, thicker,
Neither healthier nor sicker.

Es

D 2

For

England, amongst all Nations, is most full
of Hills, Wells, Bridges, Churches, Women, Wool.

ina, lan

*Ego enim Mundum totum
 Tanti esse quanti potum
 Semper duxi: mori malle
 Nobilem quam vitare allam:
 "Sobrius similis apparet Agno,
 "Ebrius Alexandro Magno."
 Leviore nam Mæandro
 Capite capto, sum Lysandro
 Multo fortior, & illæsum
 Puto me capturum Rhesum:
 Sed ne tibi gravior essem,
 Nunc descendam ad Progressum.*

*Primò occurrit peregranti
 * Oppidum Joannis Ganti,
 Sedes nota & vetusta,
 Mendicantibus onusta,*

Jan

* Scinditur à clivo Turris, bitumine murus;
 Mœnia sic propriis sunt redditura rogis.

For the World, I so far prize it,
But for Liquor I'd despise it :
Thousand Deaths I'd rather die too,
Than old Ale mine Enemy too :
“ Sober, Lamb-like do I wander,
“ Drunk, I'm stout as *Alexander*.”
When my Head feels its Mæander,
I am stronger than *Lysander* :
Th' Isle of *Ree*, I little fear it,
Without Wound to win and wear it :
But lest tedious I express me,
To my *Progress* I'll address me.

First Place where I first was known-a,
Was Brave *John à Gant*'s old * Town-a :
A Seat antiently renowned,
But with store of Beggars crowned ;

Jan

D 3

For

rus ;
s.

* An antient Arch doth threaten a decline,
And so must strongest Piles give way to Time:

38 Barnabæ Itinerarium.

*Janitorem habens qualem
Mundus vix ostendet talem.*

*Veni Ashton, ubi vinum,
Militem, & Heroinam,
Clarum, charum, & formosam,
Damam, domum speciosam
Vidi, merſi mero Muſam,
Donec pes amiſit uſum.*

*Veni Garſtang, ubi malè
Intrans forum Beſtiale,
Forte vacillando vico
Huc & illuc cum amico,
In Juvençæ dorſum rui
Cujus cornu læſus fui.*

*Veni Preſton, ductus eram
Ad bacchantem Banifterum,
Ac ſi una ſtirpe nati,
Fratres fuimus jurati ;*

For a *Gaoler* ripe and mellow,
The World has not such a Fellow.

Thence to *Ashton*, good as may be
Was the Wine, brave Knight, bright Lady ;
All I saw was comely, specious,
Seemly gracious, neatly precious ;
My Muse with *Bacchus* so long traded,
When I walk'd, my Legs deny'd it.

Thence to *Garstang*, pray you hark it,
Ent'ring there a great Beast-market ;
As I jogged on the Street,
'Twas my Fortune for to meet
A young Heifer, who before her
Took me up, and threw me o'er her.

Thence to *Preston*, I was led-a,
To Brave *Banister's* to Bed-a ;
As two born and bred together,
We were presently sworn Brether :

*Septem dies ibi mansi,
Multum bibi, nunquam pransi,*

*Veni Euston, ubi hospes
Succi plena, corpore sospes,
Crine sparso, vultu blando,
At halitu (proh) nefando,
Qua relicta cum ancillis,
Me ad lectum duxit Phillis.*

*Veni Wigan prope cœnam,
Ad hospitulam obscœnam;
Votis meis fit secunda,
Ebria fuit & jocunda;
Sparsit anus intellectum,
Me relicto, minxit lectum.*

*Veni Newton in Salictis,
Ubi ludens chartis pietis
Cum puella speciosa,
Cujus nomen erat * Rosa,*

Centi-

* Quam Rosa spiravit! sed odoribus Aquilo flavit,
Et rugas retulit quas meminisse dolet.

Seven Days were there assigned,
Oft I Supt, but never Dined.

Thence to *Euston*, where mine Hostess
Feels as soft as any Toast is :
Juicy, lusty, Count'nance toothsome ;
Braided Hair, but Breath most loathsome ;
Her I left with Locks of Amber ;
Phyllis light me to my Chamber.

Thence to *Wigan* about Supper,
To an Hostess, none more flutter :
Buxom was she, yet to see to,
She'd be drunk for Company too ;
Wit this Beldame soon did scatter,
And in Bed distill'd her Water,

Thence to *Newton* in the *Willows*,
Where being boulder'd up with Pillows,
At Cards play'd with a Girl,
Rose by Name, a dainty Pearl :

At

Fresh was my *Rose*, till by a North Wind tofs'd,
She Sap, Scent, Verdure, and her Vigour lost.

*Centi-pede provocavi
Ad amandum quam amavi.*

*Veni Warrington, profluentes
Rivos ripas transeuntes
Spectans, multo satius ratus
Mergi Terris quam in Aquis,
Vixi laute, bibi læte,
Donec aquas signant metæ.*

*Veni Budworth usque Gallum,
Ubi bibi fortem allam,
Sed ebrietate captus,
Ire lectum sum coactus;
Mibi mirus affuit status,
A duobus sum portatus.*

*Sed amore captus grandi
Visitandi Thomam Gandi,
Holmi petii Sacellum,
Ubi conjugem & puellam.*

7 NO 55



At Centy-foot I often moved
Her to love me, whom I loved.

Thence to *Warrington*, Banks o'erflowed,
Travellers to th' Town were rowed ;
Where supposing it much better
To be drown'd on Land than Water,
Sweetly, neatly I sojourned
Till that Deluge thence returned.

Thence to th' *Cock* at *Budworth*, where I
Drank strong Ale as brown as Berry ;
Till at last with deep Healths felled,
To my Bed I was compelled :
For State was bravely sorted,
By two Porters well supported.

Where no sooner understand I
Of mine honest Host *Tom Gandi*,
To *Holm-Chapel* forthwith set I,
And Hostess both were pretty,

But

*Vidi pulchras, licet sero
Has neglexi, mersus mero.*

*Hinc ad Tauk-a-Hill perventum,
Collem valde lutulentum,
Faber mihi bene notus
Mecum bibit donec potus,
Quo relicto, Cythera sponte
Cornua fixit Lemnia fronte.*

*Novo-Castro Subter-linum,
Mulsum propinavi Vinum;
Nullus ibi fit scelestus,
Vox clamantis in suggestis;
Portas castitatis frangunt,
Quas extincta luce tangunt.*

*Veni Stone ad Campanam,
Vidi * Deliam non Dianam;
Hic suspectam habens vitam
Pastor gregis, Jesuitam*

* O mellea mea Delia !

But to drink took I affection,
I forgot soon their Complexion.

Thence to *Tauk-a-Hill* resort I,
An Hill steepy, slippery, dirty :
Smith with me being well acquainted,
Drank with me till's Brains were tainted.
Having left me, *Venus* swore it,
She'd Shooe-horn her *Vulcan's* Forehead.

At *Newcastle Under-line* a,
There I trounc'd it in burnt Wine a :
None o'th' *Wicked* there remained,
Weekly Lectures were proclaimed :
Chastity they roughly handle,
While blind Zeal snuffs out the Candle.

Thence to th' *Bell* at *Stone* strait drew I,
Delia, no *Diana* saw I :
By the Parson I was cited,
Who held me for Jesuited ;

In

* O my Honeysuckle *Delia* !

*Me censebat, sed incertas
Nil invenit præter chartas.*

*Haywood properans malignam,
Nocte præparat aprugnam
Mibi Hospes; sed quid restat?
Calices haurire præstat:
Nullum Baccho gratius libum,
Quam mutare potu cibum.*

*Veni Ridgelay, ubi Faber,
Cui liquor Summus labor,
Mecum bibit; Nocte data
Mibi matula perforata,
Vasis crimine detecto,
Fit Oceanus in lecto.*

*Veni Bruarton, Claudii domum,
Ubi querulum audiens sonum,
Conjugem virum verberantem,
Et vicinum equitantem;*

2

In his search, the Door fast locked,
Nought but Cards were in my Pocket.

Thence to *Haywood* taking flight-a,
Fine Hostess give me Brawn at Night-a :
But, what's that unto the Matter ?
Whiskins sorted with my Nature :
No brave *Bacchus* no Gift quicker
Than Meat changed to strong Liquor.

Thence to *Ridgelay*, where a Blacksmith
Liquor being all he'd take with)
Buzzed with me ; Midnight waking,
And a Looking-glass there taking,
Chamber-pot was hol'd quite thorow,
Which made me lie wet till Morrow.

Thence to *Bruarton*, old *Claudus*
And approve us and applaud us ;
Where I heard a woful bleating,
Curst Wife her Husband beating :

Neigh-

*Quo peracto, frontem lini
Spuma bynes instar vini.*

*Inde * Litchfield properabam,
Ubi quendam invitabam
Perobscænum opibus plenum,
Ad sumendum mecum cœnam;
Hausto vino, acta cœna,
Solvit divitis crumena.*

*Veni Coleshill, ad macellum,
Ubi in cervisiam cellam
Forte ruens, cella sordet,
Uxor mulcet, urſa mordet;
Sed ut Lanius fecit focum
Lectum, dereliqui locum.*

*Veni Meredin, Meri-die,
Ubi longæ fessus viæ,*

Hol

* Cautibus, arboribus, cinaris, frondentibus
Crevit in Ecclesiam vallis opima tuam.

Neighbour rode for his Default-a,
While I dy'd my Front with Malt-a.

Thence to * *Litchfield* went I right on,
Where I chanced to invite one,
A Curmudgeon rich, but nasty,
To a Supper on a Pasty :
Having sipp'd, and supp'd, and ended,
What I spent the Miser lendèd.

Thence to *Colefhill*, to a Shamble,
Like an old Fox, did I ramble
Down nasty Cellar, Wife inviting,
All while cursed Bear was biting :
But the Butcher having made
The Fire his Bed, no more I staid.

Thence to *Meredin* did steer I,
Where grown Foot-sore, and sore weary,
E I re-

Enclos'd with Cliffs, Trees, Grafs, and Artichokes,
The fruitful Vale up to the Temple looks.

*Hospitem in genu cepi,
Et ulterius furtim repi ;
Cum qua propinando mansi,
Donec sponsam sponsum sensi.*

*Veni Coventry, ubi dicunt
Quod Cæruleum-filum texunt,
Ego autem hoc ignoro,
Nullum enim emi foro,
Nec discrevi juxta morem,
Lignum, lucem, nec colorem.*

*Veni Dunchurch per latrones
Ad lurcones & lenones,
Nullum tamen timui horum,
Nec latronem, nec liquorem ;
Etsi Dives metu satur,
Cantet vacuus Viator.*

*Mane Daintry ut venissem,
Corculum quod reliquissem,*

Av

I repos'd, where I chuck'd *Joan-a*
Felt her Pulse, would further gone-a :
There we drank, and no Guest cross'd us,
Till I took Host for th' Hostess.

Thence to *Coventry*, where 'tis said-a
Coventry-Blue is only made-a ;
This I know not, for sure am I,
In no Market bought I any :
Bacchus made me such a Scholar,
Black or Blue, I knew no Colour.

Thence to *Dunchurch*, where Report is
Of Pimps and Punks a great resort is ;
But to me none such appeared,
Thief nor Bung-hole I ne'er feared :
Tho' Curmudgeons have Fears plenty,
Safe he sings whose Purse is empty.

At *Daintry* early might you find me,
Not the Wench I left behind me :

*Avide quærens per musæam,
Desponsatam esse eam
Intellexi, qua audita,
“Vale (dixi) Profelyta.”*

*Veni Wedon, ubi varii
Omnis gentis Tabellarii
Convenissent, donec mundus
Currit cerebro rotundus :
“Solvite Sodales læti,
“Plus * reliqui quam accepi.”*

*Veni Toffeter die Martis,
Ubi Baccalaureum artis
Bacchanalia celebrantem
Ut inveni tam constantem,
Feci me consortem festi
Tota nocte perhonesti.*

* Nauseanti Stomacho effluunt omnia.

Near the School-house where I boused,
Her I fought, but she was 'spoused ;
Which I having heard that Night-a,
" Farewell (quoth I) *Profelyta.*"

Thence to *Wedon*, where I tarry'd
In a Waggon to be carried ;
Carriers there are to be found-a,
Who will drink till th' World turns round-a :
" Pay, good Fellows, I'll pay nought here,
" I have left * more than I brought here."

Thence to *Tossfeter* on *Tuesday*,
Where an artful Batchelor choos'd I
To consort with ; we ne'er budged,
But to *Bacchus* Revels trudged :
All the Night-long fate we at it,
Till we both grew heavy-pated.

E 3

Thence

* My queasy Stomach making bold
To give them that it could not hold.

*Veni Stratford, ubi Grenum
 Procis procam, Veneris venam,
 Nulla tamen forma jugis,
 * Verdor oris perit rugis;
 Flos ut viret semel aret,
 Forma spreta procis caret.*

*Tenens cursum & decorum,
 Brickhill, ubi Juniolem
 Veni, vidi, propter mentem
 Unum octo Sapientum;
 Sonat vox ut Philomela,
 Ardet nasus ut candela.*

*Hocklahole ut accessissem,
 Cellam Scyllam incidissem,
 Antro similem Inferni,
 Aut latibulo Lavernæ;*

* Vere fruor titulo, non sanguine, fronte, capillo
 Nomine si vireo, Vere tamen pero.

Thence to *Stratford*, where *Frank* Green-a*,
Dantiest Doe that e'er was seen-a,
Venus Varnish, me saluted,
But no Beauty long can suit it;
Beauty feedeth, Beauty fadeth,
Beauty lost, her Wooer 'vadeth.

Holding on my Journey longer,
Strait at *Brickhill*, with *Tom Younger*
I arriv'd; one, by this Cheese-a,
Still'd the eighth Wise-man of *Greece-a*,
Voice more sweet than *Progne's* Sister,
Like a Torch his Nose doth glister.

To *Hocklayhole* as I approached,
Sylla's Barmy Cell I broached,
Dark as th' Cave of *Pluto's* Station,
Or *Laverna's* Habitation :

E 4

Quaffing

apilla Green is my Name, from him whom I obey,
But tho' my Name be green, my Head is grey.

*Ibi diu propinando,
Sævior eram quam Orlando.*

*Veni Dunstable, ubi mures
Intus reptant, extus fures,
Sed vacandum omni metu
Furum temulento cœtu,
Pars ingenii mansit nulla
Quam non tenuit ampulla.*

*Veni Redbour, ubi Mimi
Neq; medii, neq; primi:
Prologus hedera redimitus
Simiano gestu situs,
* Convivalem cecinit odem,
Heus tu corrige diploidem.*

Actor.

* Dapes Convivio, sapore vario.

Auctor.

Diplois spatio lataque medio,
Corrige diploidem ægregie Nebulo.

Quaffing there while I could stand-o,
Madder grew I than *Orlando*.

Thence to *Dunstable*, all about me,
Mice within, and Thieves without me :
But no Fear affrights deep Drinkers,
There I tofs'd it with my Skinkers :
Not a Drop of Wit remained
Which the Bottle had not drained.

Thence to *Redbourn*, where were Players,
None of *Roscius* activè Heirs :
Prologue crown'd with Wreath of Ivy,
Jettèd like an Ape most lively :
I told them sitting at the * Banquet,
They should be canvas'd in a Blanket.

From

Actor.

- * Even as in a Ban-a-quet are Dish-es
of fun-dry ta-ast,

Author.

Even so is thy Doo-blet too long
i'th' Wa-ast ;
Go mend it, thou Knave, go mend it.

*Illinc Stomacho inani
 Petii oppidum * Albani,
 Ubi tantum fecit vinum,
 Dirigentem ad Londinum
 Manum manu cepi mea,
 Ac si socia esset ea.*

*Veni Barnet signo Bursæ,
 Ubi convenissent Urſi,
 Propinquant duo horum
 Parum studioſi morum,
 Subligacula dente petunt,
 Quo poſteriora ſætent.*

*Veni Highgate, quo proſpexi
 † Urbem perditæ quam dilexi,*

Hic

* Hic *Albanus* erat, tumulum, titulumq; reliquit;
Albion Albanum vix parit alma parem.

† Tot colles *Romæ*, quot sunt *Spectacula Trojæ*,
 Quæ septem numero, digna labore tuo
 Iſta manet *Trojæ* ſpectacula: 1. Buſta, 2. Gigantes,
 3. Hiſtrio, 4. Dementes, 5. Struthiones, 6. Urſæ,
 7. Leoneſ.

From thence with a Stomach empty,
To the Town of * *Albane* went I,
Where with Wine I was so undone,
As the *Hand* which guides to *London* :
In my blind Hand I received,
And her more Acquaintance craved.

Thence to th' *Purse* at *Barnet* known-a,
There the Bears were come to Town-a :
Two rude Hunks, 'tis Truth I tell ye,
Drawing near them, they did smell me :
And like two mishapen Wretches,
Made me, ay me, wrong my Bretches.

Thence to *Highgate*, where I viewed
+ City I so dearly loved,

And

* Here *Alban* was ; his Tomb, his Title too ;
" All *Albion* shew me such an *Alban* now.

+ Seven Hills there were in *Rome*, and so there be
Seven Sights in *New-Troy* crave our Memory :

1. Tombs, 2. *Guild-ball* Giants, 3. Stage-plays,
4. *Bethl'hem* Poor,
5. *Ostrich*, 6. Bear-garden, 7. Lyons i'th' Tow'r.

*Hic Tyronibus exosum
Hausi Cornu tortuosum,
Ejus. memorans salutem
Cujus caput fit cornutum.*

*Veni Holloway, Pileum rubrum,
In cohortem muliebrem,
Me Adonidem vocant omnes
Meretrices Babylonis ;
Tangunt, tingunt, molliunt, mulcent,
At egentem, foris pulfant.*

*Veni Islington ad Leonem,
Ubi spectans Histrionem
Sociatum cum choraulis,
Dolis immiscentem sales,
Cytharæ repsi in vaginam,
Quod præstigiis dedit finem.*

*Ægre jam relicto rure,
Securem Aldermanni-bury*

And th' *Horn of Matriculation*
Drank to th' Freshmen of our Nation ;
To his Memory saluted
Whose branch'd Head was last cornuted.

Thence to *Holloway, Mother Red-cap*
In a Troop of Trulls I did hap ;
Whores of *Babylon* me impalled,
And me their *Adonis* called ;
With me toy'd they, bufs'd me, cull'd me,
But being needy, out they pull'd me.

Thence to *Islington at Lyon,*
Where a juggling I did 'spy one
Nimble with his Mates consorting,
Mixing Cheating with his sporting :
Creeping into th' Case of's Viol,
Spoild his juggling, made them fly all.

Country left I in a Fury,
To the *Axe in Alderm'n-bury*

*Primo petii, qua exosa
Sentina, Holburni Rosa
Me excepit, ordine tali
Appuli Gryphem Veteris Bailly;
Ubi experrectus lecto,
Tres Ciconias indies spectro,
Quo victurus, donec æstas
Rure curas tollet mæstas;
Festus Faustus & festivus,
Calice vividus, corpore vivus.
Ego etiam & Sodales
Nunc Galerum Cardinalis
Visitantes, vi Minervæ
Bibimus ad Cornua Cervi,
Sed Actæon anxius horum,
Luce separat Uxorem.*

*Sub Sigillo Tubi fumantis
Et Thyrsi flammantis,
Motu Mulciberi Naso-flagrantis.*

First arriv'd, that place flighted,
 At the *Rose* in *Holbourn* lighted :
 From the *Rose* in *Flaggons* sail I
 To the *Griffin* i'th *Old-Baily* :
 Where no sooner do I 'waken
 Than to *Three Cranes* I am taken ;
 Where I lodge, and am no starter
 Till I see the *Summer Quarter*.
 Pert is *Faustulus*, and pleasing,
 Cup brim-full, and Corpse in season :
 Yea, my merry Meats and I too
 Oft the *Card'nal's Hat* do flie to,
 Where at *Harts-horns* we carouse it,
 As *Minerva* doth infuse it :
 But *Actæon*, sick o'th' *Yellows*,
 Mews his Wife up from *Good-fellows*.

Under th' Sign of *Pipe* still fuming,
 And the *Bush* for ever flaming ;
Mulciber the Motion moving,
 With Nose-burning Master shaming.

A Shop

*Officina juncta Baccho
Juvenilem fere Tobacco,
Uti libet, tunc signata,
Quæ impressio nunc mutata,
Uti fiet, nota certa
Qua delineatur Charta.*

Téa, sine telis non typis.



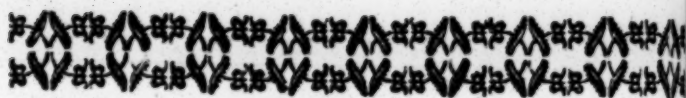
FINIS PARTIS SECUNDÆ.

A Shop neighbouring near *Iacco*,
Where *Young* vends his *Old Tobacco* :
As you like it ; sometimes sealed,
Which Impression's since repealed :
As you make it ; he will have it,
And in Chart and Front engrave it :

Harmless, but no artless End
Cloze I here unto my Friend.



THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

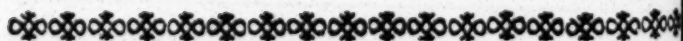


In ERRATA.

I*Nter Accipitrem & Buteonem,
Juxta phrasem percommunem,
Spectans ista typis data,
Hæc comperui Errata;
Quæ si corrigas (candide Lector)
Plena coronet pocula Nectar.*

*A vertice ad calcem
Erratis admove falcem.*

Errando, disco.



J*am Venus Vinis reditura Venis,
Jam Venus Venis peritura plenis,
Nam Venus Venis patitur serenis,
Nectare plenis.*

Upon the ERRATA's.

BETWIXT *Hawk* and *Buzzard*, O Man,
 After th' Phrase of Speech so common,
 Having seen this *Journal* at print,
 I found these *Errata's* in't;
 Which if you correct, kind Reader,
Nectar be thy Muse's feeder.

From the Head unto the Foot,
 Nought but *Error*, look unto't.

This Observation have I found most true;
 Erring, I learn my Errors to subdue.

NOW *Venus* pure *Veins* are with *Wines*
 inflamed,
 Now *Venus* full *Veins* are by *Wines* restrained:
 For *Venus* swoln *Veins* are by *Morpheus* chained,
 From Folly wained.



Barnabæ Itinerarium.

P A R S III.

Mirtil.

IO Faustule! *gratulantur*
Quid te amant & amantur,
Te incolumem rediturum!
Spreta Curia, pone curam,
Narra vias, quas calcasti,
Queis spirasti, quas spectasti.



Barnaby's Journal.

P A R T III.

Mirtil.

WHoup *Faustulus* ! all draw nigh thee
 That do love thee, or lov'd by thee,
 Joying in thy safe returning !
 Leave Court Care, and fruitless Mourning :
 Way th'ast walked, prithee shew it,
 Where th'ast lived, what hast' viewed.

*Ne Ephesios Diana
Fit celebriore fama ;
Omnes omnia de te fingunt,
Statuam Pictores pingunt ;
Tolle metum, mitte moram,
Fac te clarum viatorem.*

Faufstul.

*Mitte moram, tolle metum !
Quies me unquam minus lætum
Cum adverfis agitatum,
Aut fecundis tam inflatum
Vidit, ut mutando morem
Reddant me superbiorem.
Aspernarer ego Mundum,
Nifi mundus me jucundum
Bonis fociis, radiis vitæ
Sociali tinētis firi
Celebraret ; adi, audi,
Et Progreffu meo gaudere.*

Not tñ' *Ephesian Diana*

Is of more renowned Fame-a :

Acting Wonders, all invent thee,

Painters in their Statues paint thee :

Banish Fear, remove Delay Man,

Shew thyself a famous Way-man.

Faustul.

Leave Delay, and be not fearful !

Why ! who e'er saw me less chearful ?

When I was by Fortune cuffed,

Or by Fortune's Smiles so puffed,

That I shew'd myself far prouder

Than when she more scornful shew'd her.

For the World, I would not prize her,

Yea, in time I should despise her,

Had she in her no good Fellow,

That would drink till he grew mellow :

Draw near and hear, thou shalt have all,

Hearing, joy in this my Travel.



*Primo Die satur vino
 Veni Iſllington à Londino,
 Iter arduum & grave,
 Sero tamen ſuperavi,
 Acta vespertina Scena
 Siccior eram quam arena.*

*Veni Kingsland, terram regis,
 Specioſam cœtu gregis,
 Equum ubi ſeligantem,
 Vix ulterius ſpatiantem,
 Nec verberibus nec verbis.
 Motum, gelidis dedi herbis.*

*Veni Totnam-altam-crucem,
 Quo diſceſſi ante lucem;
 Hospes ſociis parum caret,
 Nemo Fauſtulum ſpectaret;*

Pratiſ



First Day, having drank with many,
To *Islington* from *London* came I,
Journey long, and grievous Weather,
Yet the Evening brought me thither;
Having ta'en my Pots by th' Fire,
Summer Sand was never dryer.

Thence to *Kingsland*, where were feeding
Cattle, Sheep, and Mares for breeding;
As I found it, there I feared
That my *Roxinant* was wear'ed:
When he would jog on no faster,
Loose I turn'd him to the Pasture.

Thence to *Totnam-high-crofs* turning,
departed 'fore next Morning:
Hostess on her Guests so doated,
Austulus was little noted:

To

*Pratum stratum, & Cubile
O piaculum! fit fœnile.*

*Ut reliqui Crucem altam,
Lento cursu petii Waltham,
In hospitium Oswaldi,
Qui mi regiam * Theobaldi,
Monstrat domum, quo conspecto,
Hausi noctem sine lecto.*

*Veni Hoddesden, stabant foris
Chartis pictis Impostores,
Queis deceptis, notis causis,
Ante Eirenarcham pacis
Eos duxi, ut me videt,
Laudat eos, me deridet.*

** De augustissima Domo Theobaldi.*

*O Domus augustæ radiantia limina nostræ!
An vestrum est Mundi lumine clausa mori?
Regio quo Sponsi pietas dedit oscula Sponsæ,
Et spirare Sabæ vota suprema suæ!*

To an Hay-loft I was led in,
Boards my Bed, and Straw my Bedding.

Having thus left *High-crofs* early,
I to *Waltham* travel'd fairly,
To the Hospital of *Oswald*,
And that Princely Seat of * *The' bald* ;
There all Night I drank old Sack-a,
With my Bed upon my Back-a.

Thence to *Hoddesden*, where stood watching
Cheats who liv'd by Coney-catching :
False Cards brought me, with them play'd I,
Dear for their Acquaintance paid I.
Fore a Justice they appeared,
Them he praised, me he jeered.

Thence

* *On the King's House at Tibbals.*

This Seat, this Royal Object of the Sight,
Shall it for ever bid the World good-night ?
Where our preceding Kings enjoy'd such Blifs,
And seal'd their amorous Fancies with a Kifs !

*Veni Ware, ubi belli
 Saltus, situs, & Amwelli
 Amnes lenem dantes sonum,
 Qui ditarunt Middletonum:
 Sunt spectati more miti,
 " O si essent Aqua vitæ."*

*Veni Wademill, ubi ritè
 Pleno cyatho dempta siti,
 Quidam clamitant jocosè,
 Me spectantes otiose,
 Co-ementem hæc flagella,
 " Ubi Equus? ubi Sella?"*

*Veni Puckeridge, eo ventum
 Mendicantes fere centum
 Me præcingunt; dixi verum,
 " Quod pauperior illis eram;"*
*Quo responso, mente una
 Me relinquunt cum fortuna.*

Thence to *Ware*, where mazy *Amwel*
Mildly cuts the Southern Chanel;
Rivers streaming, Banks resounding,
Middleton with Wealth abounding:
Mightily did these delight me;
“O, I wish’d them *Aqua vitæ*.”

Thence to *Wademill*, where I rest me
For a Pot, for I was thirsty;
On me cry’d they, and did hout me,
And like Beetles flock’d about me:
“Buy a Whip, Sir! No, a Ladle:”
Where’s your Horse, Sir? where your Saddle?

Thence at *Puckbridge* I reposed,
Hundred Beggars me inclosed:
“Beggars, quoth I, you are many,
“But the poorest of you am I;”
They no more did me importune,
Leaving me unto my Fortune.

Thence

*Veni Buntingford, ad senilem
Hospitem & juvenilem
Conjugem, quæ scit affari
Placide, lepide osculari;
Area florida, frutice suavis,
Ubi minurizat avis.*

*Veni Royston, ibi seges,
Prata, sata, niveæ greges,
Ubi pedes pii Regis;
Hinc evolvens * Fati deges,
Mibi dixi: Quid te pejus,
Ista legens, male deges?*

*Veni Caxton, paupere lecto,
Sed pauperiore lecto:
Quidam habent me suspectum,
Esse maculis infectum*

Pestis

* Pascua, prata, canes, viridaria, flumina, saltus
Otia regis erant, rege sed ista ruent.

Thence to *Buntingford* right trusty,
Bed-rid Host, but Hostess lusty ;
That can chat and chirp it neatly,
And in secret kifs you sweetly ;
Here are Arbours decked gaily,
Where the *Buntin* warbles daily.

Thence to *Royston*, there Grass groweth,
Medes, Flocks, Fields, the Plowman soweth ;
Where a pious Prince frequented,
Which observing, this I vented :
" Since all Flesh to * Fate's a Debtor,
" Restless Wretch, why liv'st no better ?"

Thence to *Caxston*, I was led in
To a poor House, poorer Bedding :
Some there were had me suspected,
That with Plague I was infected ;

So

Fields, Floods, Wastes, Woods, Deer, Dogs with
well-tune'd Cry,
Are Sports for Kings, yet Kings with these must die.

*Pestis, unde exui vestem,
Vocans Hospitem in testem.*

*Veni Cambridge, prope Vitem,
Ubi Musæ satiant sitim;
Sicut Muscæ circa finum,
Aut scintillæ in Caminum,
Me clauferunt juxta murum,
Denegantes redituum.
Media-Nocte siccior essem
Ac si nunquam ebibissem,
Sed pudore parum motus,
Hinc discessi semi-potus:
Luci, loci paludosi,
Sed Scholares speciosi*

*Veni * Godmanchester, ubi
Ut Ixion captus nube,*

* Quercus anilis erat, tamen eminus oppida spectat
Stirpe viam monstrat, plumea fronde tegit,

So as I stark-naked drew me,
Calling th' Hostess strait to view me.

Thence to *Cambridge*, where the *Muses*
Haunt the *Vine-bush*, as their Use is,
Like Sparks up a Chimney warming,
Or Flies near a Dunghill swarming,
In a Ring they did inclose me,
Vowing they would never lose me.
'Bout Midnight for Drink I call, Sir,
As I had drank nothing at all, Sir:
But all this did little shame me,
Tipsy went I, tipsy came I:
Grounds, Greens, Groves are wet and homely,
But the Scholars wondrous comely.

Thence to * *Godmanchester*, by one
With a Cloud, as was *Ixion*,

G

Was

* An aged Oak takes of this Town survey;
Finds Birds their Nests, tells Passengers their way

*Sic elusus à puella,
Cujus labra erant mella,
Lectum se adire vellet,
Spondet, sponsum sed fefellit.*

*Veni Huntington, ubi cella
Facto pacto cum puella,
Hospes me suspectum habens,
Et in cellam tacite labens ;
Quo audito, vertens rotam,
Pinxi memet per ægrotum.*

*Veni Harrington, bonum omen !
Vere amans illud nomen,
Harringtoni dedi nummum,
Et fortunæ penè summum,
Indigenti postulanti,
Benedictionem danti.*

*Veni Stonegatehole nefandum.
Ubi contigit memorandum.*

Was I gull'd; she had no fellow,
Her soft Lips were moist and mellow;
All Night vow'd she to lie by me.
But the Giglet came not nigh me.

Thence to *Huntington*, in a Cellar.
With a Wench was there a Dweller;
I did bargain, but suspected
By the Host, who her affected;
Down the Stairs he hurried quickly,
While I made me too too sickly.

Thence to *Harrington*, be it spoken!
For Name-sake I gave a Token
To a Beggar that did crave it,
And as cheerfully receive it;
More he need not me importune,
For 'twas th' utmost of my Fortune.

Thence to *Stonegatehole*, I'll tell here
Of a Story that befel there;

Quidam Servus Attornati
Vultu pellicis delicatæ
Captus, intrat nemus mere.
Ut coiaret muliere.
Mox è dumo latro repit,
Improvijum eum cepit,
Manticam vertit, mæchum vicit,
Et post Herum nudum misit :
Manibus vinctis Sellæ locat,
Hinnit Equus, Servus vocat.
Cogitemus Attornatum
Suspiciantem hunc armatum,
Properantem deprædari,
Uti strenuè calcari :
Currit Herus, metu teste,
Currit Servus sine veste.

*Pfallens * Sautry, tumulum veni,*
Sacerdotis locum pœnæ,

Ubi

* Urna Sacellani viventis Imago sepulti,
 Quique aliis renuit busta, sepultus erat,
 Egregium illud Sautry Sacrarium Sacerdotis a-
 vari retinuit memoriam.

One who served an Attorney,
Ta'en with Beauty in his Journey,
Seeing a Coppice, hastens thither,
Purposely to wanton with her.
As these privately conferred,
A Rover took him unprepared,
Search'd his Portmantua, bound him faster,
And sent him naked to his Master :
Set on's Saddle with Hands ty'd,
Th' Horse he neyed, Man he cry'd.
Th' Attorney, when he had discerned
One, he thought, behind him, armed
In *white Armour*, stoutly stir'd him,
For his Jade, he keenly spur'd him,
Both run one Course to catch a Gudgeon,
This nak'd that frighted to his Lodging.

Singing along down * *Sautry* Laning,
I saw a Tomb one had been lain in ;

G 3

And

* Here of the Wip a covetous Priest did lick ;
Who would not bury th' dead, was buried quick.
Nothing more memorable than that Chapel of
Sautry, retaining still with her that covetous
Priest's Memory.

*Ubi Ransford jus fecisset,
Et Pastorem condidisset ;
Vidi, ridi, & avari
Rogo rogos sic tractari.*

*Veni ad Collegium purum,
Cujus habent multi curam ;
Perhumanos narrant mores
Patres, Fratres & Sorores :
Unum tenent, una tendunt,
Omnes omnia Sacris vendunt,
An sint isti corde puro,
Parum scie, minus curo ;
Si sint, non sunt Hypocritæ.
Orbe melioris vitæ :
Cellam, Scholam & Sacellum
Pulchra vidi supra Stellam.*

*Veni Stilton, lento more,
Sine fronde, sine flore,*

And enquiring, one did tell it,
'Twas where *Rainsford* bury'd th' *Prelate* :
I saw, I smil'd, and could permit it,
Greedy Priests might so be fitted.

To th' *Newfounded College* came I,
Commended to the Care of many ;
Bounteous are they, kind and loving,
Doing whatsoe'er's behoving :
These hold and walk together wholly,
And state their Lands on Uses holy.
Whether pure these are, or are not,
As I know not, so I care not ;
But if they be dissembling Brothers,
Their Life surpasseth many others :
See but their Cell, School, and their Temple,
You'll say the Stars were their Example.

Thence to *Stilton*, slowly paced,
With no Bloom nor Blossom graced ;

*Sine prunis, sine pomis,
Uti senex sine comis,
Calva tellus, sed benignum
Monstrat viatori signum.*

*Veni Wansforth-brigs, immanem
Vidi amnem, alnum, anum ;
Amnem latum, anum lautam,
Comptam, cultam, castam, cautam ;
Portas, Hortos speciosos,
Portus, saltus spatiosos.*

*Sed scribentem digitum Dei
Spectans MISERERE MEI,
Atriis, angulis, confestim
Evitandi cura pestem,
Fugi, mori licet natus,
Nondum mori sum paratus.*

*Inde prato peramœni
Dormiens temulenter scœni,*

With no Plumbs nor Apples stored,
But bald, like an old Man's Forehead;
Yet with Inns so well provided,
Guests are pleas'd when they have try'd it.

Thence to *Wansforth-brigs*, a River
And a Wife will live for ever :
River broad, an old Wife jolly,
Comely, seemly, free from Folly :
Gates and Gardens neatly gracious,
Ports, and Parks, and Pastures spacious.

Seeing there, as did become me,
Written, LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME,
On the Portals, I departed,
Nest I should have forer smarted :
Tho' from Death none may be spared,
To die was scarce prepared.

On a Hay-cock sleeping soundly,
Th' River rose and took me roundly

Down

*Rivus surgit & me capit,
 Et in flumen alte rapit ;
 Quorsum ? clamant ; Nuper erro
 A Wansforth-brigs in Anglo-terra.*

*Veni * Burleigh, licet Bruma,
 Sunt fornaces sine fumo,
 Promptuaria sine promo,
 Clara porta, clausa domo ;
 † O Camini sine foco,
 Et Culinæ sine Coquo !
 Clamans, domum ô inanem !
 Resonabat † Echo, famem ;
 Quinam habitant intra muros ?
 Respirabat Echo, mures ;
 Ditis omen, nomen habe ;
 Echo respondebat, Abi.*

* Ista domus sit Dasypodis dumus.

†——Hederæque trophæa camini.

‡——Custos Domus Echo relictæ.

own the Current : People cry'd,
leeping down the Stream I hy'd :
ere away, quoth they, *from Greenland ?*
; *from Wansforth-brigs in England.*

Thence to * *Burleigh*, though 'twas Winter,
o Fire did the Chimney enter,
tries without Butlers guarded,
ately Gates were double-warded ;
ary † Chimneys without Smoak too,
angry Kitchens without Cook too.
allowing aloud, O empty Wonder !
Echo strait resounded, *Hunger.*
ho inhabits this vast Brick-house ?
ho made reply, *The Titmouse :*
ominous Cell ! No Drudge at home, Sir ?
ho answer made, *Be gone, Sir.*

Thence

* This House is the Levarets Bush.

† Ivy the Chimney's Trophy.

‡ *Echo's* the Keeper of a forlorn House.

*Veni * Stamford, ubi bene
 Omnis generis crumenæ
 Sunt venales, sed in summo
 Sunt crumenæ sine nummo ;
 Plures non in me reptantes,
 Quam sunt ibi mendicantes.*

*Licet curæ premiant charæ,
 Veni im † Foramen Saræ ;
 Proca semel succi plena,
 Læta, læta, & serena,
 At venusta fit vetusta,
 Mundo gravis & onusta.
 Saræ antrum ut intrassem,
 Et ampullas ‡ gurgitassem,*

* Quo Schola ? quo Præses ? Comites ? Academici
 fedes ?

In loculos literas transposuere suas

† Sileni Antrum, eo enim nomine egregie notum

‡ Exiccassem.

Thence to ancient * *Stamford* came I,
There are penceless Purfes many ;
Greatly wrought as doth become, them,
Is Gold in them than is on them :
Lawbacks more do not affail me
Than are Beggars fwarming daily.

Tho' my Cares were great and many,
To the † *Hole of Sarah* came I,
Once a *Bona-roba*, trust me,
Tho' now Buttock-shrank and rusty ;
At tho' Nervy-Oil, and fat-a,
For I caught by you know what-a,
Sailing boldly thus adventur'd,
And my *Sara's* Socket enter'd,

Her

Where by thy Masters ? Fellows ? Scholars ?
Purfers ?

O *Stamford* ! to thy shame, they're all turn'd
Purfers.

At The Drunkard's Cave, for so it must be call'd,
Where many Malt-worms have been soundly
maul'd

*In amore Sara certo,
Ore basia dat aperto ;
Sæpe sedet, quando surgit
Cyathum propinare urget.*

*Veni Witham, audiens illam
Propter lubricam anguillam
Vere claram nixus ramo
Cæpi expiscari hamo ;
Et ingentem capians unam.
Præceps trahor in * lacunam.*

*Veni † Grantham mihi gratam,
Inclytè Pyramidatam,
Ibi Pastor cum Uxore
Coeundi utens more,*

* Littora Mæandri sunt anxia limina Lethi,
Fluctus ubi curæ, ripa memento mori.

† Hinc canimus mirum ! non protulit Insula Spira
Talem nec notam vidimus Orbe cotem.

er I fued, fuited, sorted,
uffed, bouzed, sneezed, snorted :
ften fate she, when she got up,
ll her Phrase was, " Drink the Pot up.

Thence to *Witham*, having read there,
hat the fattest Eel was bred there ;
urposing some to entangle,
orth I went and took an Angel ;
There an huge one having hooked,
By her headlong was I dooked.

Thence to † *Grantham* I retired,
amous for a Spire aspiring,
here a Pastor with his Sweeting
a Chamber closely meeting,

In

ethi, Meander's Shores to *Lethe's* Shadows tend,
ori. Where Waves, found Cares, and Banks imply our
End,

Spiral may compare this Town, and be no Lyer,
With any Shire, for Whetstones and a Spire.

*De cubiculo descendit,
 Quia papa ibi pendet.
 Oppidani timent clari
 Paulo Spiram asportari,
 Scissitantes (valde mirum)
 Ubi præparent papyrum,
 Qua † maturius implicetur,
 Ne portando ‡ læderetur.*

*Veni * Newark, ubi vivos
 Sperans mersos esse rivis,
 Irrui cellam subamœnam,
 Generosis vinis plenam.*

† Structura.

‡ Penetretur.

* Ulmus arenosis pulcherrima nascitur oris,
 Arces effusis vestit amœna comis.

Hic Campi virides, quos Trentia flumina rivis
 Fæcundare solent, ubera veris habent.

Hic porrectiore tractu distenditur Bevaria val-

Valles trinæ & opimæ
 Dapes Insulæ divinæ.

In great Fury out he flung there.
Cause a Popish Picture hung there :
Here the Townsmen are amated,
That there Spire should be translated
Unto *Paul's* ; and great's there Labour,
How to purchase so much Paper
To enwrap it, as is fitting,
To secure their Spire from splitting.

Thence to * *Newark*, Flood-surrounded,
Where I hoping most were drowned ;
Hand to Hand I straitways shored
To a Cellar richly stored :

H

Till

A sandy Plat a shady Elm receives,
Which cloaths those Turrets with her shaken
Leaves.

Here all-along lies *Bever's* spacious Vale,
Near which the Streams of fruitful *Trent* do fall.

Valleys there so fruitful be
They're the Wealth of *Britainy*.

*Donec Liſtor intrans cellam,
Me conduxit ad flagellum.*

*Veni Tuxworth fitam luto,
Ubi viatores (puto)
Viam viſcum eſſe credunt,
Sedes Syrtes ubi ſedent;
Thyrſus pendet, diu pendit,
Bonum Vinum raro vendit,*

*Veni Retfrod, Piſces edi,
Et adagio locum dedi,
Cæpi ſtatim propinare,
Ut piſciculi natare
Discant meo corpore vivo,
Sicuti natarunt rivo.*

*Veni Scrubie, Deus bone!
Cum Paſtore & Latrone
Egi diem, fregi noctem,
Latro me feciſſet doctum:*

Till suspected for a Pick-lock,
Th' Beadle led me to the Whip-stock.

Thence to *Tuxworth*, in the Clay there,
Where poor Travellers find such Way there,
Ways like Bird-lime seem to shew them,
Seats are Syrts to such as know them;
Th' Ivy hangs there, long has't hung there,
Wine it never vended strong there.

Thence to *Retford*, Fish I fed on,
And to th' Adage I had red on;
With Carouses I did trim me,
That my Fish might swim within me
As they had done being living
And i'th' River nimbly diving.

Thence to *Scrubie*, O my Maker!
With a *Pastor* and a *Taker*
Day I spent, I Night divided,
Thief did make me well provided:

*Ei nollem assidere,
Ne propinquior esses peræ.*

*Veni Bautree, angiportam,
In dumetis vidi Scortam,
Gestu levem, lumine vivam,
Vultu lætam, & lascivam;
Sed infixi carni pœnam,
Timens misere crumenam.*

*Veni † Doncaster, sed Levitam
Audiens finiisse vitam,
Sprevi Venerem, sprevi Vinum,
Perdite quæ dilexi primum:
Nam cum Venus insenescit,
In me carnis vim compescit.*

Nescit.

† Major Causidico quo gratior esset amico,
In comitem lento tramite jungit equo:
Causidicus renuit, renuente, Patibula, dixit,
Commonstrabo tibi; *Caus.* Tuque moreris ibi

My poor Scrip caus'd me to fear him,
All Night long I came not near him.

Thence to *Bautree*, as I came there,
From the Bushes near the Lane, there
Rush'd a Tweak in Gesture flanting,
With a leering Eye, and wanton :
But my Flesh I did subdue it,
Fearing lest my Purse should rue it.

Thence to † *Doncaster*, where reported
Lively *Levite* was departed :
Love I loath'd, and spritely Wine too,
Which I dearly lov'd some time too ;
For when youthful *Venus* rageth,
She my fleshly Force asswageth.

H 3

Thirst

† That Courtesie might a Courtesie enforce,
The May'r would bring the Lawyer to his Horse :
You shall not, quoth the Lawyer. *M. Now I swear*
I'll to the Gallows go. *L. I'll leave you there.*
Might not this May'r (for Wit a second Pale As)
Have nam'd the *Town-end* full as well as *Gallows* ?

*Nescit sitis artem modi,
 Puteum Roberti Hoodi
 Veni, & liquente vena
 Vineto * catino catena,
 Tollens sitim, parcum odi,
 Solvens obolum Custodi.*

*Veni † Wentbridge, ubi plagæ
 Terræ, maris, vivunt sagæ,
 Vultu torto & anili,
 Et conditione vili:
 His infernæ manent sedes,
 Quæ cum inferis ineunt sædus.*

*Veni Ferrybrig, vietus,
 Pede lassus, mente lætus,*

* *Viventes venæ, Spinæ, catinusque catenæ,
 Sunt Robin Hoodi nota trophæa sui,*

† *Rupæ cavedia struxit inedia,
 Queis oscitanter latuit accedia.*

Thirst knows neither Mean nor Measure,
Robin Hood's Well was my Treasure ;
In a common * Dish enchained,
I my furious Thirst restrained :
And because I drank the deeper,
I paid two Farthings to the Keeper.

Thence to † *Wentbridg*, where vile Wretches,
Hideous Hags and odious Witches,
Writhen Count'nance, and mis-shapen,
Are by some foul *Bugbear* taken :
These infernal Seats inherit,
Who contract with such a Spirit.

Thence to *Ferrybrig*, sore wearied,
Surfoot, but in Spirit cheered :

H 4

I no

* A Well, Thorn, Dish, hung in an Iron Chain
For Monuments of *Robin Hood* remain.

† In a Rock Want built her Booth,
Where no Creature dwells but Sloth :

*Ue gustassem uvam Vini,
Fructum salubrem acini :
Scævior factus sum quam Aper,
Licet vini lenis sapor.*

*Veni * Pomfret, ubi miram
Arcem, † Anglis regibus diram ;
Laseris ‡ ortu celebrandam,
Variis gestis memorandam :
Nec in Pomfret Repens certior,
Quam pauperculus inertior.*

*Veni Sherburn ad amandum,
Et aciculis spectandum ;*

Paster

* Hic repetunt ortum tristissima funera Regum,
Quæ lachrymas oculis excutiere meis.

† Regibus Anglorum dedit arx tua dira ruinam,
Hoc titulo fatum cerne S. : : : . tuum.

‡ Latius in rupem Laser est sita dulcis arentem,
Veste nova Veris floribus aucta novis.

No sooner the Grape tasted
But my Melancholy wasted :
Never was wild Boar more fellish,
Tho' the Wine did smally relish.

Thence to * *Pomfret*, as long since is,
Fatal to our † English Princes ;
For the choicest ‡ *Liquorice* crowned,
And for sundry Acts renowned :
A *Louse* in *Pomfret* is not surer
Than the Poor thro' Sloth securer.

Thence to *Sherburn*, dearly loved,
And for Pinner well approved :

Cherry-

The Tragick State of *English* Kings stood here
Which to their Urns pays Tribute with a Tear,
Here stood that fatal Theatre of Kings,
Which for Revenge mounts up with airy Wings.
Here *Liquorice* grows upon their mellow'd Bunks,
Decking the Spring with her delicious Plants.

Pastor decimas cerasorum

Quærit plus quam animorum :

Certe nescio utrum mores,

An fortunæ meliores.

Veni Bramham,, eo ventus,

Vidi Pedites currentes ;

Quidam auribus susurrat,

“ Crede Faustule, hic præcurret,

“ Nam probantur : Qui narratur

Pejor, melior auspicatur.

Veni Tadcaster, ubi pontem

Sine flumine, prælucentem,

Plateas fractas, & astantes

Omni loco mendicantes

Spectans, illinc divagarer,

Ne cum illis numerarer.

Veni Eboracum, flore

Juventutis eum Textore

Cherry-Tenths the Pastor aimeth,
More than th' Souls which he reclaimeth :
In an Equipage conforthing,
Are their Manners and their Fortune.

Thence to *Bramham*, thither coming,
I saw too Footmen stript for running :
One said, " the Match was made to cheat 'em :
" Trust me, *Faustulus*, *This* will beat 'em ;
" For we've try'd 'em ; but that Courser
He priz'd better, prov'd the worser.

Thence to *Tadcaster*, where stood reared
A fair Bridge ; no Flood appeared :
Broken Pavements, Beggars waiting,
Nothing more than Labour hating ;
But with speed I stastned from them,
Lest I should be thought one of them.

Thence to *York*, fresh Youth enjoying,
With a wanton *Weaver* toying :

Husband

*Fruens, conjux statim venit,
“ Lupum vero auribus tenet ;
Ille clamat aperire,
Ille negat exaudire.*

*Sic ingressus mihi datur,
Cum Textori denegatur ;
Qui dum voce importunè
Strepit, matulam urinæ
Sentit ; sapienter tacet,
Dum Betricia mecum jacet,*

*Ibi Tibicen apprehensus,
Judicatus & suspensus,
Plaustro cöaptato furi,
Ubi Tibia, clamant pueri ?
Nunquam ludes amplius Billie ;
At nescitis, inquit ille.
Quod contigerit memet teste,
Nam abscissa jugulo reste,
Ut in fossam Furcifer vexit,
Semi-mortuus resurrexit :*

Husband suddenly appears too,
Catching the *Wolf* by th' Ears too :
He cries, *Open, something fears him :*
But th' deaf *Adder* never hears him.

Thus my Entrance was descried,
While the *Weaver* was denied ;
Who as he fumed, fret, and frowned,
With a Chamber-pot was crowned :
Wifely silent, he ne'er grudged
That his *Betty* with me lodged.

A Piper being here committed,
Guilty found, condemn'd, and titted ;
As he was to *Knave'smyre* going,
This Day, quoth Boys, *will spoil thy Blowing ;*
From thy Pipe th'art now departing ;
Tags, quoth th' Piper, *you're not certain.*
All which happen'd to our Wonder,
For the Halter cut asunder,
As one of all Life deprived,
Being bury'd, he revived :

And

*Arce reducem occludit,
Ubi valet, vivit, ludit.*

*Veni Towlerton, Stadiodromi
Retinentes spem coronæ,
Ducunt equos ea die
Juxta tramitem notæ viæ;
Sequens autem solitam venam,
Sprevi primum & postremum.*

*Veni Helperby desolatum,
Igne nuper concrematum,
Ne taberna sit intacta,
Non in cineres redacta;
Quo discessi ocyor Euro,
Reslinguendi sitim cura.*

*Veni * Topcliff, musicam vocans,
Et decoro ordine locans,*

* Labentes rivi resonant sub vertice clivi,
Quæ titulum villæ primo dedere tuæ.

Alias,
Infra situm Rivi saliant sub acumine clivi,
Quo sedes civi splendida, nulla nivi.

And there lives, and plays his Measure,
Holding Hanging but a Pleasure.

Thence to *Towlerton*, where those Stagers,
Or Horse-courfers run for Wagers :
Near to the Highway the Course is,
Where they ride and run their Horses :
But still on our Journey went we,
First or Last did 'like content me.

Thence to *Helperby* I turned,
Desolate and lately burned :
Not a Taphouse there but mourned,
Being all to Ashes turned ;
Whence I swiftly did remove me.
For Thirst-sake, as did behove me.

Thence to * *Topcliff*, Musick call'd I,
No comely Posture fail'd I ;

But

Topcliff from tops of Cliffs first took her Name,
And her Cliff-mounted Seat confirms the same :
Where Streams with curled Windings overflown,
Bestow a Native Beauty on the Town.

*Ut expectant hi mercedem,
Tacitè subtraxi pedem ;
Parum habui quod expendam,
Linquens eos ad solvendum.*

*Veni * Thyrske, Thyrsis hortum,
Ubi Phyllis floribus sportant
Instruit, at nihil horum
Nec pastorem, neque florem
Ego curo, Bacchum specto
Horto, campo, foro, tecto.*

*Veni Alerton, ubi oves,
Tauri, vaccæ, vituli, boves,
Aliaque Campi pecora
Oppidana erant decora :*

For

* Thyrsis oves pascens per apricæ pascua vall
Prima dedit Thyrsco nomina nota suo.

Sycamori gelidis Tityrus umbris
Discumbens, Phyllidi Serta paravit,
Et niveas greges gramine pavit.

But when these expected Wages,
To themselves I left my Pages ;
Small being th' Court'fy I could shew them,
Th' Reck'ning I commended to them.

Thence to * *Thyrsk*e, rich *Thyrsis* Casket,
Where fair *Phyllis* fills her Basket
With choice Flowers, but these be vain things,
I esteem no Flowers, nor Swainlings ;
In *Bacchus* Yard, Field, Booth, or Cottage,
I love nought like his cold Pottage.

Thence to *Alerton*, rank'd in Battel,
Sheep, Kine, Oxen, other Cattel ;
As I fortun'd to pass by there,
Were the Town's best beautifier :

I

Fair

* Here *Thyrsis* fed his Lambkins on the Plain ;
So *Thyrsk*e from *Thyrsis* took her ancient Name
Here *Tityrus* and *Phyllis* made them Bowers,
Of tender Ofiers, sweet-breath'd Sycamours.

*Forum fuit jumentorum,
Mibi autem cella forum.*

*Veni Smeton, perexosum
Collem quem pediculosum
Vulgo vocant, tamen mirè
Mœchæ solent lascivire,
Ad alendum debilem statum,
Aut tegendam nuditatem.*

*Veni * Nasham, Dei donum,
In Cænobiarchæ domum;
Uberem vallem, salubrem venam,
Cursu fluminis amœnam,
Lætam sylvis & frondosam,
Heræ vultu speciosam.*

Veni

* Littora lentiscis, gemmarunt germina gemmis,
Murenulis conchæ, muricibusque comæ.

Fair for Beasts at that time fell there,
But I made my Fare the Cellar.

Thence to *Smeton* I assailed,
Louly Hill, for so they call it ;
Where were dainty Ducks, and jant ones,
Wenches that could play the wantons ;
Which they practice, Truth I'll tell ye,
For Relief of Back and Belly.

Thence to * *Nesbam*, now translated,
Once a *Nunnery* dedicated :
Valleys smiling, Bottoms pleasing,
Streaming Rivers never ceasing ;
Deck'd with tufty Woods and shady,
Graced by a lovely Lady.

I 2

Thence

* Where Shores yield Lentisks, Branches pearled
Gems,
There Lamprels Shells, their Rocks soft mossy
Stems.

*Veni Darlington, prope vicum
 Conjugem duxi peramicam ;
 Nuptiis celebrantur festa,
 Nulla admittuntur mæsta ;
 Pocula noctis dant progressum,
 Ac si nondum nuptus essem.*

*Veni * Richmond, sed amicos
 Generosos & antiquos,
 Nobiles socios, sortis miræ,
 Cum nequissimè invenire,
 Sepelire curas ibi,
 Tota nocte mecum bibi.*

*Pæna sequi solet culpam,
 Veni Redmeere ad Subulcum,*

Ille

* Nomen habes Mundi, nec erit sine jure, secundum
 Namque situs titulum comprobat ipse tuum.

Thence to *Darlington*, where I boused
Till at last I was espoused :
Marriage Feast and all prepared,
Not a Fig for th' World I cared ;
All Night long by th' Pot I tarry'd,
As if I had ne'er been marry'd.

Thence to * *Richmond*, heavy Sentence !
There were none of my Acquaintance :
All my noble Comrades gone were,
Of them all I found not one there ;
But lest Care should make me sicker,
I did bury Care in Liquor.

Penance chac'd that Crime of mine hard,
Thence to *Redmeere*, to a Swine-herd

I 3

Came

* From a *Rich Mound* thy Appellation came,
And thy rich Seat proves it a proper Name.

*Ilia mensæ fert porcina,
 Prisca nimis intestina,
 Quæ ni calices abluissent,
 Adhuc gurgite inhæsisent.*

*Veni Carperbie peravarum.
 Cœtu frequens, victu carum;
 Septem Solidorum cœna
 Reddit levior crumena:
 Nummo citius haurieris,
 Quam liquore ebrieris.*

*Veni Wenchly, valle situm,
 Prisca vetustate tritum,
 Amat tamen propinare
 Pastor cum agnellis charè,
 Quo effascinati more,
 Dormiunt Agni cum Pastore.*

*Veni Middlam, ubi arcem
 Vidi, & bibentes sparsim*

Came I, where they nothing plac'd me
But a Swine's Gut that was nasty ;
Had I not then wash'd my Liver,
In my Guts't had stuck for ever.

Thence to *Carperby*, very greedy,
Consorts frequent, Victuals needy :
After Supper they so tofs'd me,
As seven Shillings there it cost me :
Soon may one of Coin be soaked,
Yet for want of Liquor choaked.

Thence to *Wenchly*, Valley-seated,
For Antiquity repeated :
Sheep and Shepherd, as one Brother,
Kindly drink to one another ;
Till Pot-hardy, light as Feather,
Sheep and Shepherd sleep together.

Thence to *Middlam*, where I viewed
Th' Castle. which so stately shewed :

*Bonos socios, quibus junxi,
Et liquorem libere sumpsi;
Æneis licet tincti nasis,
Fuimus custodes pacis.*

*Veni * Ayscarth, vertice montis,
Valles, & amœnos fontes,
Niveas greges, scopulos rudes,
Campos, scirpos, & paludes
Vidi, locum vocant Templum,
Speculantibus exemplum.*

*Veni Worton, sericis cincta,
Sponsa Ducis, ore tineta,
Me ad cœnam blande movet,
Licet me non unquam novit;
Veni, vidi, visi, lusi,
“ Cornu-copiam optans Duci.*

Veni

* Gurgite præcipiti sub vertice montis acuti
Specus erat spinis obsitus, intus aquis.

Down the Stairs, 'tis Truth I tell ye,
To a Knot of brave Boys fell I :
All *Red Noses*, no Dye deeper,
Yet none but a Peace-keeper,

Thence to * *Ayscarth*, from a Mountain,
Fruitful Valleys, pleasant Fountain ;
Woolly Flocks, Cliffs steep and snowy,
Fields, Fenns, sedgy Rushes saw I ;
Which high Mount is call'd the *Temple*,
For all Prospects an Example.

Thence to *Worton* ; being lighted,
Was solemnly invited
By a Captain's Wife most yewly,
Though, I think, she never knew me :
Came, call'd, cull'd, toy'd, trifled, kissed.
Captain cornu-cap'd I wished.

Thence

Here breaths an arched Cave of antique Stature,
Closed above with Thorns, below with Water.

*Veni Bainbrig, ubi palam
Flumen doferit canalem,
Spectans, uti properarem
Ad Joannem Ancillarem,
Hospitem habui (verè mirum)
Neque fœminam, neque virum.*

*Veni * Askrig, notum Forum,
Valde tamen indecorum,
Nullum habet Magistratum,
Oppidanum ferre statum :
Hic pauperrimi textores.
Peragrestes tenent mores.*

*Veni † Hardraw, ubi Fames,
Cautes frugis perinanes ;*

* Clauditur amniculus saliens fornicibus arctis
Alluit & villæ mœnia juncta suæ.

† Labitur alveolis resonantibus amnis amœnus
Qui tremula mulcet voce, sopore fovet.

Thence to *Bainbrig*, where the River
From its chanel seems to sever :
To *Maidenly John* I forthwith hasted,
And his best Provision tasted :
Th' Host I had (a thing not common)
Seemed neither Man nor Woman.

Thence to * *Askbrig*, Market noted,
But no Handsomeness about it ;
Neither Magistrate nor Mayor
Ever were elected there :
Here poor People live by Knitting,
To their Trading, breeding fitting.

Thence to † *Harddraw*, where', hard Hunger,
Barren *Cliffs* and *Clints* of Wonder ;
Never

A Chancel strait confines a Crystal Spring,
Washing the Walls o'th' Village neighbouring.

A shallow Rill, whose Streams their Current keep,
With murm'ring Voice and Pace procure sweet
Sleep.

*Nunquam vixit hic Adonis,
 Ni sub thalamo Carbonis :
 Diversoria sunt obscæna,
 Fimo fœda, fumo plena.*

*Veni Gastile, ubi cellam,
 Cellam sitam ad Sacellum
 Intrans, bibi Stingo fortem,
 Habens Lanium in consortem,
 Et * Pastorem parvæ gregis,
 Rudem moris, artis, legis.*

*Veni † Sedbergh, sedem quondam
 Lautam, lætam, & jucundam,
 Sed mutatur mundus totus,
 “ Vix in anno unus potus :*

* Quota est hora, refert ! Solem speculando respon-
 Ecce Sacerdotes quos tua terra parit ! [der,

† Prospicies Thyrsum sinuosius arte rotundum,
 Organa quo cerebri mersa fuere mei.

Never here *Adonis* lived,
Unless in *Cole's* Harbour hived :
Inns are nasty, dusty, fusty,
With both Smoke and Rubbish musty.

Thence to *Gastile*, I was drawn in
To an Alehouse near adjoining
To a *Chapel*; I drank *Stingo*
With a *Butcher* and *Domingo*
Th' * *Curate*, who, to my discerning,
Was not guilty of much Learning.

Thence to † *Sedbergh*, sometimes Joy-all,
Gamefome, gladfome, richly royal ;
But those Jolly Boys are sunken,
Now scarce once a Year one drunken :
There

I ask'd him, What's a-Clock ? he look'd at th' Sun,
But want of Learning made him answer—Mum.

Here grows a Bush in artful Mazes round,
Where th' active Organs of my Brain were
drown'd.

*Ibi propriæ prope lari
Non audebam Vulpinari.*

*Veni * Killington, editum collem,
Fronde lætiore mollem,
Ibi tamen parum hærens,
Semper altiora sperans,
Hisce dixi longum vale,
Solum repetens natale.*

*Veni † Kendall, ubi status
Præstans, prudens ‡ Magistratus,*

Publi

** Arboribus gelidam texens Coriarius umbram
Æstatem atque Hyemem fronde repelle grave*

*† Nunc Saturnius appulit annus,
Major fiet Aldermannus.*

Here I durst not well be merry,
Far from Home old Foxes werry.

Thence to * *Killington* I passed,
Where an Hill is freely grassed ;
Where I staid not, tho' half-tired,
Higher still my Thoughts aspired :
Taking Leave of Mountains many,
To my Native Country Came I.

Thence to *Kendall*, pure her State is,
Rudent too her † Magistrate is ;

In

Here the retir'd Tanner builds him Bowers
Shrouds him from Summer's Heat, and Winter's
Showers.

Now *Saturn's* Year has drench'd down Care,
And made an Alderman a May'r.

Publicis Festis purpuratus,

Ab Elizabetha datus;

Hic me juvat habitare,

Propinare & amare.



Inter Barnabæ Errores,

Hi mutârunt preli mores,

“ Delirans iste Sapiens Gottam

“ Reddit Cœtum propter Cotem.”

Vide Grantha

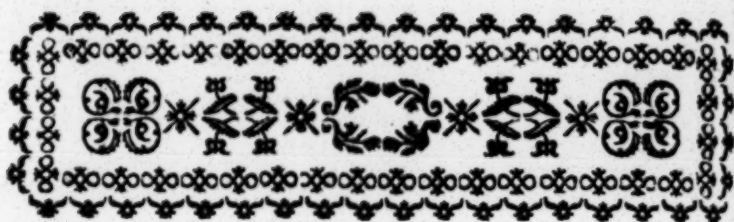
FINIS PARTIS TERTIÆ.

In whose Charter to them granted,
Nothing but a Mayor wanted :
Here it likes me to be dwelling,
Boufing, loving ; Stories telling.



Amongst other Faults in Print,
You shall find this Error in't :
" Did not the Stage of *Gottam* strangely fail,
" Who for a *Whetstone* render'd him a *Whale*?"
See *Grantham*.

THE END OF THE THIRD PART.



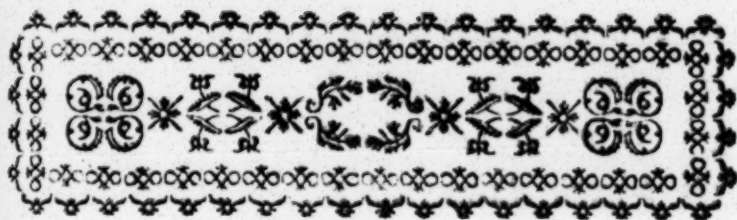
Barnabæ Itinerarium.

P A R S IV.

Mirtil.

O Faustule! *dic quo jure*
Spreta Urbe, vivis rure?
Quo tot lepidos consortes,
Genio faustos gurgite fortes,
Reliquisti, socios vitæ,
Gravi laborantes fuit?

Vale



Barnaby's Journal.

P A R T IV.

Mirtil.

O *Faustulus!* takes't no Pity
 For the Field to leave the City?
 Nor thy Consorts, lively Skinkers,
 Witty Wags, and lusty Drinkers;
 Lads of Life, who wash their Liver,
 And are dry and thirsty ever?

K 2

Wilt

*Vale dices tot amicis,
Tot Lyæi vini vicis,
Tot Falerni roscidi cellis,
Tot pelliculis, tot puellis?
Quid te movet, dic sodali,
Urbi longum dicere vale?*

Faustul.

*Quid me movet! Nonne cernis
Me tamdiu in Tabernis
Propinasse, donec mille
Clamant, Ecce Faustulus ille,
Qui per Orbem ducens iter,
Titulo Ebrii insignitur!
Qui natali bibit more
Ortu roseæ ab Auroræ
Usque vesperam, & pudorem
Vultûs, questus & odorem
Sprevit! audi culpæ pœnam,
Scenam Faustuli extremam.*

Vale

Wilt thou here no longer tarry
With these Boys that love *Canary*?
Wilt thou leave these Nectar Trenches,
Dainty Doxies, merry Wenches?
Say, what makes thee change thy Ditty,
Thus to take Farewel o'th' City?

Faustul.

What is't makes me! Dost' not note it,
How I have i'th' Tavern floated,
Till a Thousand seek to shame me,
There goes Faustulus, so they name me,
Who thro' all the World has traced,
And with Stile of Maltworm graced!
Who caroufeth to his Breeding,
From Aurora's Beamlins spreading
To th' Evening, and despiseth
Favour-Thrift, which each Man prizeth!
Now hear *Faustulus's* Melancholy,
Th' closing Scene of all his Folly.



Vale Banbury, *vale* Brackley,
Vale Hollow-well, *vale* Hockley,
Vale Daintry, *vale* Leister,
Vale Chichester, *vale* Chester,
Vale Nottingham, *vale* Mans' field,
Vale Wetherby, *vale* Tanfield.

Vale Aberford, *vale* Bradford,
Vale Toceter, *vale* Stratford,
Vale Preston, *vale* Euxston,
Vale Wigan, *vale* Newton,
Vale Warrington, *vale* Budworth,
Vale Kighley, *vale* Cudworth.

Vale Hoddesden, *vale* Totnam,
Vale Giggleswick, *vale* Gottam,
Vale Harrington, *vale* Stilton,
Vale Huntingdon, *vale* Milton,

Vale



Farewel *Banbury*, farewel *Brackley*,
Farewel *Hollow-well*, farewel *Hockley*,
Farewel *Daintry*, farewel *Leister*,
Farewel *Chichester*, farewel *Chester*,
Farewel *Nottingham*, farewel *Mansfield*,
Farewel *Wetherby*, farewel *Tanfield*.

Farewel *Aberford*, farewel *Bradford*,
Farewel *Toceter*, farewel *Stratford*,
Farewel *Preston*, farewel *Euxston*,
Farewel *Wigan*, farewel *Newton*,
Farewel *Warrington*, farewel *Budworth*,
Farewel *Kighley*, farewel *Cudworth*.

Farewel *Hoddesden*, farewel *Totnam*,
Farewel *Giggleswick*, farewel *Gottam*,
Farewel *Harrington*, farewel *Stilton*,
Farewel *Huntington*, farewel *Milton*,

Vale Royston, *vale* Puckeridge,
Vale Caxton, *vale* Cambridge.

Vale Ware, *vale* Wademill,
Vale High-gate, *vale* Gads-hill,
Vale Stamford, *vale* Sautry,
Vale Scrubie, *vale* Bautry,
Vale Castrum Subterlinum,
Ubi Vates, *Venus*, *vinum*.

Vale Tauk-hill, *quem* conspexi,
Lemnia Lydia, *quam* dilexi,
Arduæ viæ *quas* transivi,
Et amiculæ *queis* cōivi,
Faber, *Taber*, *sociæ* lætæ,
Et convivæ *vos* valetē.

Nunc longinquos *locos* odi,
Vale fons Roberti Hoodi,
Vale Rosington, *vale* Retford,
Et antiqua *sedes* Bedford ;

Vale

Farewel *Royston*, farewel *Puckeridge*,
Farewel *Caxton*, farewel *Cambridge*.

Farewel *Ware*, farewel *Wademill*,
Farewel *High-gate*, farewel *Gads-hill*,
Farewel *Stamford*, farewel *Sautry*,
Farewel *Scrubie*, farewel *Bautry*,
Farewel *Castle Underline* too,
Where are Poets, Wenches, Wine too.

Farewel *Tauk-hill*, which I viewed,
Emnian Lydia, whom I sued ;
steepy Ways by which I waded,
and those Truggs with which I traded ;
Taber, Taber, pensive never,
farewel merry Mates for ever.

Now I hate all foreign Places,
Robin Hood's Well, and his Chaces :
farewel *Rosington*, farewel *Retford*,
and thou antient Seat of *Bedford* ;

Fare-

138 Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Vale Dunchurch, Dunstable, Brickhill,
Alban, Barnet, Pimlico, Tickhill.

Vale Waltham, & Oswaldi
Sedes, situs Theobaldi,
Vale Godmanchester, *ubi*
Mens elusa fuit nube ;
Vale Kingland, Islington, * London,
Quam amavi perditæ quondam.

Vale

*——Ista novæ mea mœnia Trojæ.

Nunc novæ longum valedico Trojæ,
Lætæ quæ flori, gravis est senectæ,
Vina, Picturæ, Veneris facetæ,
Cuncta valete.

Sin vero conjux, famuli, forores,
Liberi, suaves Laribus lepores
Confluant, mulcent varios labores :
Cuncta venite.

Farewel *Dunchurch, Dunstable, Brickbill,*
Wan, Barnet, Pimlico, Tickhill.

Farewel *Waltham, Seat of Oswald,*
That bright Princely Star of *The'bald :*

Farewel *Godmanchester*, where I
Was deluded by a Fairy :

Farewel *Kingsland, Islington, * London,*
Which I lov'd, and by it undone.

Farewe

—These be my *New Troy's* dying Elegies.

Now to that *New Troy* bid adieu for ever,
None, Venus, Pictures, can allure me never,
These are Youth's Darlings, Age's hoary griever,
Fare ye well ever.

Farewel for ever, see you will I never,
Yet if Wife, Children, Money hurry thither,
Where we may plant and solace us together,
Welcome for ever.

*Vale Buntingford, ubi suaves
 Vepres, vites, flores, aves,
 Hospes grata & benigna,
 Et amoris præbens signa;
 Alio juvat spatiari,
 Pasce, pati, recreari.*

*Vale Stone, & Sacellum,
 Quod splendentem habet Stellam,
 Vale Haywood, Bruerton, Ridglay,
 Litchfield, Coventry, Colehill, Edglay,
 Meredin, Wakefield, & amæni
 Campi, chori Georgii Greeni.*

*Vale Clowne, Doncaster, Rothram,
 Clapham, Ingleton, Waldon, Clothram,
 Witham, Grantham, New-wark, Tuxworth
 Uxbridge, Beconsfield, & Oxforth,
 Geniis & ingeniis bonis
 Satur, opibus Platonis.*

Farewel *Buntingford*, where are Thrushes,
Sweet Briers, shred Vines, private Bushes ;
Hostess cheerful, mildly moving,
Giving Tokens of her loving ;
Must in another Nation
Take my fill of Recreation.

Farewel precious *Stone* and *Chapel*,
Where *Stella* shines more fresh than th'Apple :
Farewel *Haywood*, *Bruerton*, *Ridgley*,
Nichfield, *Coventry*, *Coleshill*, *Edgway*,
Meredin, *Wakefield*, farewel clean-a
Medes and Mares of *George à Green-a*.

Farewel *Clowne*, *Doncaster*, *Rothram*,
Lopham, *Ingleton*, *Waldron*, *Clothram*,
Fulham, *Grantham*, *New-wark*, *Tuxworth*,
Leamington, *Beaconsfield*, and *Oxford*,
Richly stor'd (I am no *Gnatho*)
With Wit, Wealth, Worth, Well of *Plato*.

Fare-

*Sprevi nunc Textoris acum,
 Vale, vale Eboracum,
 Alio nunc victurus more,
 Mutans mores cum * colore;
 Horreo, proprium colens nidum,
 Sacram violare fidem.*

*Vale Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburn,
 Ferrybrig, Tadcaster, Helperby, Merburn:
 Vale Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,
 Hardraw, Wenchley, Smeton, Burton:
 Vale Ayscarth, Carperby, Redmeere,
 Gastile, Killington, & Sedbergh.*

Armen

* Incessit hyems niveis capillis,
 Incessit hyems gelidis lacertis,
 Nec mea curat carmina Phyllis,
 Urbe relecta rustica vertes.

*Conspicui vates repetendo Cupidinis ætus,
 Spreta canunt lepidis, ut fenuere, procis.*

Farewel *York*, I must forsake thee,
Weaver's Shuttle shall not take me :
Hoary Hairs are come upon me,
Youthful Pranks will not become me ;
Th' Bed to which I'm reconciled
shall be by me ne'er defiled.

Farewel *Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburn,*
erry-brig, Tadcaster, Helperby, Merburn ;
Farewel *Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,*
ardraw, Wenchley, Smeton, Burton ;
Farewel *Ayscarth, Carperby, Redmeer,*
gfile, Killington, and Sedbergh.

I am

* Winter has now behoar'd my Hairs,
Benumb'd my Joints and Sinews to ;
Phyllis for Verses little Cares,
Leave City then, to th' Country go.

Poets, when they have writ of Love their fill,
Grown old, are scorn'd, tho' Fancy crown their
Quill.

*Armentarius jam sum factus,
Rure manens incoactus,
Suavis odor lucri tenet,
Parum curo unde venit,
Campo, choro, tecto, thoro,
Caula, cella, sylva, foro.*

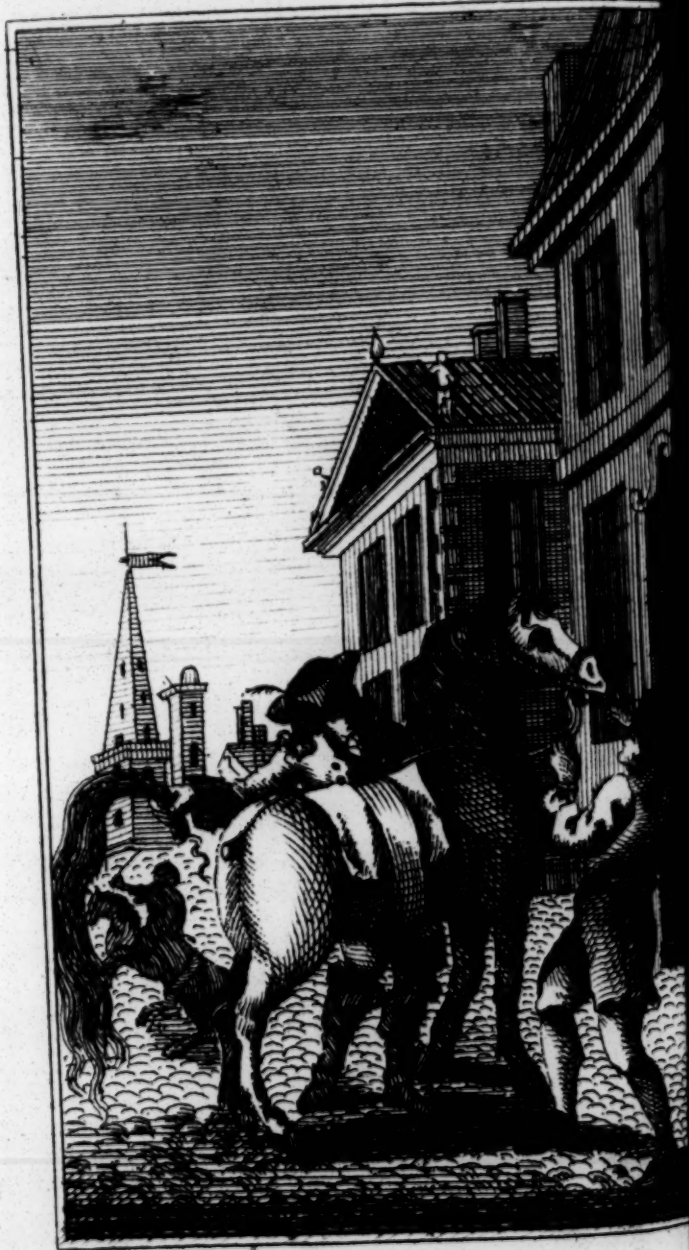
Equestria Fora.

*Veni Malton, artem laudo,
Vendens Equum sine cauda,
Morbidum, mancum, claudum, cecum,
Forte si maneret mecum,
Probo, vendo, pretium datur,
Quid si statim moriatur.*

*Ad forenssem Rippon, tendo,
Equi si sint cari, vendo,
Si minore pretio dempti,
Equi à me erunt empti,*

144

7 NO 55



I an
Count
Smell
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Field,

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and

I am now become a Drover,
Country Liver, Country Lover;
Smell of Gain my Sense benumbeth,
Little care I whence it cometh;
Be't from Camp, Choir, Cottage, Carpet,
Field, Fold, Cellar, Forest, Market.

Horse Fairs.

To *Malton* come I, praising th' Sale, Sir,
Of an Horse without a Tail, Sir;
Be he maim'd, lam'd, blind, diseased,
If I sell him, I'm well pleased;
Should this Kephhal die next morrow,
I partake not in the Sorrow.

Then to *Rippon*, I appear there
To sell Horses if they're dear there;
If they're cheap, I use to buy them,
And i'th' Country profit by them;

L

“ Where

“ Ut alacrior fiat ille,

“ Ilia mordicant anguillæ.

Septentrionalia Fora.

Veni Pomfret, uberem venam,

** Virgis laserpitiis plenam.*

Veni Topcliff cum sodali,

Non ad Vinum sed venale.

Veni Thyrsk ubi Boves

Sunt venales pinguiores.

Veni Alerton lætam, latam,

Mercatori perquam gratam,

In utiliorem ætū,

Eligo locum pecori aptum.

Veni

** Virgulta Laseris florent amœnula.*

In hac Angelica latius Insula.

Vide lib. 3. stanz. 48.

"Where to quicken 'em, I'll tell ye,
"I put quick Eels into their Belly.

Northern Fairs.

Thence to *Pomfret*, freshly flowred,
And with * Rods of Liquorice stored.

Thence to *Topcliff* with my Fellow,
Not to bouze Wine, but to sell low.

Thence to *Thyrsk*, where Bullocks grazed
Are for Sale i'th Market placed.

Thence to *Alerton*, cheerful, fruitful,
To the Seller very grateful ;
There to chuse a Place, I'm chariest,
Where my Beasts may shew the fairest,
L 2 Thence

* Rods of Liquorice sweetly smile
In that rich Angelick Isle.

See Book ;3, Stanza 48.

*Veni Darlington, servans leges
In custodiendo greges.*

*Inde Middlam cursum flecto,
Spe lucrandi tramite recto,
Nullum renuo laborem,
Quæstus sapiens odorem ;
“ Nulla via modo vera,
“ Est ad bonos mores sera.”*

Tra-montana Fora.

*Hisce foris nullum bonum
Capiens, Septentrionem
Ocyore peto pede,
Ditiorē frui sede :
Asperæ cautes, ardui colles,
Lucri gratia mihi molles.*

*Veni Appleby, ubi natus,
Primam sedem Comitatus.*

Illine

Thence to *Darlington*, never swerving
From our Drove, Laws worth observing.

Thence to *Middlam* am I aiming
In a direct course of gaining ;
I refuse no kind of Labour,
Where I smell some gainful Savour :
"No way, be it ne'er the homeliest,
"Is rejected, being honest."

Tra-montane Fairs.

In these Fairs, if I find nothing
Worth the staying, I'm no slow thing ;
To the *North* frame I my Passage,
Wing'd with Hope of more Advantage :
Ragged Rocks, and steepy Hillows,
Are by Gain more soft than Pillows.

Thence to Native *Appleby* mount I,
Th' ancient Seat of all that County.

*Illinc Penrith speciosam,
Omni merce copiosam.*

*Illinc Roslay, ubi tota
Grex à gente venit Scota.*

*Hinc per limitem obliquam
Veni Ravinglafs antiquam ;
Illinc Dalton peramænum ;
Hinc Oustonum fruge plenum :
Donec Hauxide spectro sensim ;
Illinc sedem Lancaſtrenſem.*

*Veni Garſtang, ubi nata
Sunt armenta fronte latâ.*

*Hinc ad Ingleſorth ut deſcendi,
Pulchri vituli ſunt emendi.*

*Illinc Burton Limina peto,
Grege lautâ, fronde læta.*

Veni

Thence to *Pearless Penrith* went I,
Which of Merchandise hath plenty.

Thence to *Roslay*, where our Lot is
To commerce with People *Scottish*.

By a Passage crook'dly tending,
Thence to *Ravinglafs* I'm bending :
Thence to *Dalton*, most delightful ;
Thence to *Oaten Ouston* fruitful ;
Thence to *Hauxide's* marish Pasture ;
Thence to th' Seat of old *Lancaster*.

Thence to *Garstang*, where are feeding
Herds with large Fronts, freely breeding.

Thence to *Ingleforth* I descended,
Where choice Bull-calves will be vended.

Thence to *Burton's* Bounders pass I,
Fair in Flocks, in Pastures grassy.

*Veni Horneby, sedem claram,
 " Spes lucrandi fert avarum ;
 Cæca-sacra fames auri
 Me consortem fecit Tauri :
 Sprevi Veneris amorem
 " Lucrum summum dat odorem."*

*Veni Lonesdale, venientem
 Laticem Jocii præpotentem
 Haurientes, hæsitantes,
 Fluctuantes, titubantes,
 Allicerent, (narro verum)
 Sed non sum qui semel eram.
 Me ad limen trabunt Orci,
 Uti lutum petunt Porci,
 Aut ad vomitum fertur Canis,
 Sed intentio fit inanis :
 Oculis clausis hos consortes
 Præterire didici mortis.*

Thence *Horneby*, Seat renowned,
“ Thus with Gain are Worldlings drowned;
Secret-sacred Thirst of Treasure
Makes my Bullocks my best Pleasure :
Should *Love* wooe me, I'd not have her,
“ It is Gain yields sweetest Savour.”

Thence to *Lonesdale*, where were at it
Boys that scorn'd Quart-Ale by Statute,
Till they stagger'd stammer'd stumbled.
Railed, reeled,* rouled, tumbled ;
Musing I should be so 'stranged,
I resolv'd them I was changed.
To the Sink of Sin they drew me,
Where like Hogs in Mire they threw me,
Or like Dogs unto their Vomit,
But their Purpose I o'ercomed ;
With shut Eyes I flung in Anger
From those Mates of Death and Danger.

Mirtil.



Mirtil.

*Miror (Faustule) miror verè,
 Bacchi te clientem heri,
 Spreto genio jucundo,
 Mentem immerfisse Mundo :
 Dic quid agis, ubi vivis,
 Semper eris Mundo civis ?*



Faustul.

*Errâs (Mirtille) si me credas
 Nunquam Bacchi petere sedes ;
 Thyrsus vinētus erit collo,
 “ Semel in anno ridet Apollo ;
 Pellens animi dolores,
 Mutem crines, nunquam mores.
 Socios habeo verè gratos,
 Oppidanus propè natos,*

Intra



Mirtil.

Surely (*Faustulus* I do wonder
How thou, who so long liv'd under
Bacchus, where choice Wits resounded,
Shouldst be thus i'th' World drowned.
What do'st ? where liv'st ? in brief deliver.
Wilt thou be a Worldling ever ?



Faustul.

Thou err'st (*Mirtillus*) so do mo too,
If thou think'st I never go to
Bacchus Temple, which I follow ;
Once a Year laughs wise *Apollo* ;
Where I drench Grief's slight Physicians,
Hair I change, but no Conditions.
Cheerful Comrades have I by me,
Townsmen that do neighbour nigh me ;
Within,

*Intra, extra, circa muros,
 Qui mordaces tollunt curas :
 Hisce juvat sociari,
 Et * apricis spatari.*

*Nunc ad Richmond, primo flore.
 Nunc ad Nesham cum Uxore,
 Læto cursu properamus,
 Et amamur & amamus :
 Pollent floribus ambulacra,
 Vera Veris simulachra.*

*Nunc ad Ashton invitato
 Ab amico & cognato,
 Dant hospitium abditæ cellæ,
 Radiantes Orbis Stellæ.
 Mensa, mera, omnia plena,
 Grata fronte & serena.*

* Si per apricos spatari locos
 Gaudeat, mentem relevare meam
 Anxiam curis, studiisque gravem.

Within, without, where'er I rest me,
 Barking Cares do ne'er molest me :
 With these I please to consort me,
 And in * open Fields to sport me.

Now to *Richmond*, when Spring's come on,
 Now to *Nesham* with my Woman ;
 With free Course we both approve it,
 Where we love, and are beloved ;
 Here Fields flower with freshest Creatures,
 Representing *Flora's* Features.

Now to *Ashton*, I'm invited
 By my Friend and Kinsman cited ;
 Secret Cellars entertain me.
 Beauteous-beaming Stars inflame me ;
 Meat, Mirth, Musick Wines are there full,
 With a Count'nance blith and cheerful.

Now

Thus thro' the fair Fields, when I have best
 Leisure,
 Diaper'd richly, do I take my Pleasure.
 To cheer my Studies with a Pleasing Measure. }

*Nunc ad Cowbrow, ubi lætus,
Una mente confluit cætus,
Nescit locus lachrymare,
Nescit hospes osculari,
Facit in amoris testem
Anser vel Gallina festum.*

*Nunc ad Natland, ubi Florem
Convivalem & Pastorem
Specio, spiro ora rosea,
A queis Nectar & Ambrosia :
Castitatis autem curæ
Me intactum servant rure.*

*Nunc ad Kirkland, & de eo
“Prope Templo, procul Deo,”
Dici potest, spectent Templum,
Sacerdotis & exemplum,
Audiant tamen citius sonum
Tibiæ tamen concionem.*

Now to *Cowbrow*, quickly thither
Jovial Boys do flock together ;
In which place all Sorrow lost is,
Guests know how to kiss their Hostess ;
Nought but Love doth border near it.
Goose and Hen will witness bear it.

Now to *Natland*, where choice Beauty
And a Shepherd do salute me ;
Lips I Relish richly Roseack,
Purely *Nectar* and *Ambrosiack* ;
But I'm chaste, as doth become me,
For the Country's Eyes are on me.

Now to *Kirkland*, truly by it
May that Say' be verified,
Far from *G O D*, but near the *Temple*,
Tho' their Pastor gave Example :
They are such a kind of Vermin,
Pier they'd rather hear than Sermon.

Now

*Nunc ad Kendal, propter * Pannum,
 Cætum, situm, † Aldermannum,
 Virgines pulchras, pias matres,
 Et viginti quatuor fratres,
 Verè clarum & beatum,
 Mibi naclum, notum, natum.
 Ubi dicam (pace vestra)
 Tectum mittitur è fenestra,
 Cura lucri, cura fori,
 Saltant cum Johanne Dori :
 Sancti fratres cum Poeta,
 Læta canunt & faceta.*

*Nunc ad Staveley, ubi aves
 Melos, modos cantant suaves,*

** Lanificii gloria, & industri ita præcellens,
 ut eo nomine sit celeberrimum Camd. Brit.
 Pannus mihi Panis. Mot.*

*† Nomine Major eas, nec sis minor omine sedis,
 Competat ut titulo civica Vita novo.*

Now to *Kendal*, for * Cloth-making,
Sight, site, † Alderman awaking;
Beauteous Damsels, modest Mothers,
And her four and twenty Brothers;
Ever in her Honour spreading,
Where I had my Native Breeding.
Where, I'll tell you, (while none mind us)
We threw th' House quite out at Windows;
Nought maketh them or me ought sorry,
They dance lively with *John Dory*:
Holy Brethren with their Poet
Sing, nor care they much who know it.

Now to *Staveley* strait repair I,
Where sweet Birds do hatch, their airy
M Arbours,

* A Town so highly renown'd for her commo-
dious Clothing, and industrious Trading, as her
Name is become famous in that kind. *Camb. Brit.*

Cloth is my Bread.

Motto.

Now hast thou chang'd thy Title unto May'r,
Let Life, State, Style, improve thy Charter there.

*Sub arbutis & virgultis
 Molliore masco fultis :
 Cellis, Sylvis, & Tabernis,
 An fœliciores cernis ?*



Mirtil.

E S T O Faustule ! *recumbe,*
Rure tuo carmina funde ;
Vive, vale, profice, cresce,
Arethusæ alma messè ;
Tibi Zephyrus sub fago
Dulciter afflet. Faust.] Gratias ago.

Arbours, Oziers freshly showing,
With soft mossy Rhind o'ergrowing :
For Woods, Air, A L E, all excelling :
Wouldst thou have a neater Dwelling ?



Mirtil.

BE't so, *Faustulus* ! there repose thee,
Cheer thy Country with thy Poesy ;
Live, fare well, as thou deservest,
Rich in *Arethusa's* Harvest :
Under th' Beach while Shepherds rank thee
Zephyrus blest thee. *Faust.*] I do thank thee.



A D

PHILOXENUM.

TE *Viatores lepidi Patronum,*
Te tuæ dicunt patriæ coronam,
Vatis & vitis rosæ corymbum,
Artis alumum.

Te tuus Vates Lyricis salutat
Qui fidem nulla novitate mutat,
Nec nova vènti levitate nutat,
Fidus ad aras.

TO



TO
PHILOXENUS.

THE pleasing Waymates titled have their
Patron,

Their Country's Glory, which they build their
State on;

The Poet's Wine-bush, which they use to
prate on,

Art's merry Minion.

In Lyrick Measures doth they Bard salute thee,
Who with a constant Resolution suits thee,
Nor can ought move me to remove me from
thee,

But my Religion.

Efficit egregios nobilis alla viros.

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho,

*Si vitulum spectes, nihil est quod pocula
laudes.*

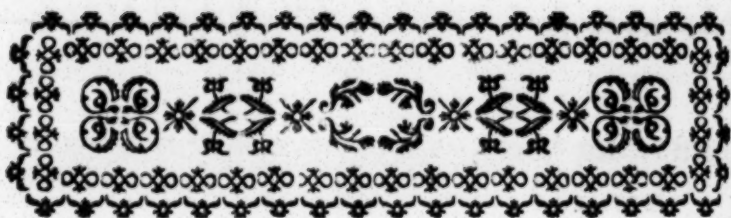
BESSIE

The Oil of Malt, and Juice of spritely Nectar
Have made my Muse more valiant than *Hector*.

O'erflowing Cups, whom have they not made
learned ?

Full-blown my Veins are, and so well they
may,
With brimming Healths of Wine drunk yester-
day.

If thou dost love thy Flock, leave off to Pot.



BESSIE BELL:

Cantio Latinè Versa, alternis Vicibus
& modernis Vocibus decantanda.

Authore *Corymbæo*.

Damætas.

Eliza-Bella.

I.

Dam. **B**ellula Bella, *mi puella,*
Tu me corde tenes,

O si clausa simus cella

Mars & Lemnia Venus!

Tanto

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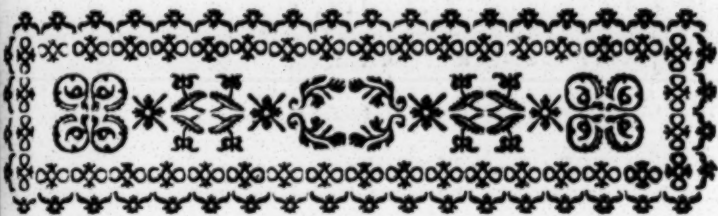
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BESSY BELL:

*To be sung in altern Courses and modern
Voices.*

By Corymbæus.

Damætas.

Eliza-Bella.

I.

Dam. **M**Y bonny *Bell*, I love thee so well,
I would thou wad scund alang
hither,

That we might here in a Cellar dwell,
And blend our Bows together!

Dear

*Tanto mi es, quanti tua res,
Ne spesces Bellula Mundum,
Non locus est cui crimen obest
In amoribus ad cœundum.*

II.

*Bel. Crede Damætas, non finit ætas
Ferre Cupidinis ignem,
Vir verè lætus intende pecus
Cura & Carmine dignum.
Non amo te, ne tu ames me,
Nam jugo premitur gravi,
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.*

III.

*Dam. Virginis vita fit inimica
Principi, patriæ, proli,
In Orbe sita ne sis invita
Sponsa nitidula coli.*

Aspice

Dear art' to me as thy Geer's to thee,
The World will never suspect us,
This Place it is private, 'tis Folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no Eyes to detect us.

II.

Bell. Trust me, *Damætas*, Youth will not let us
Get to be findg'd with Love's Taper,
Bonny blith Swainlin intend thy Lambkin,
To requite both thy Laws and thy Labour.
Love not thee, why should'st thou love me?
The Yoke I cannot approve it,
Then lie still with one, I'd rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

III.

Dam. To lead Apes in Hell, it will not do well,
Tis an Enemy to Procreation,
In the World to tarry, and never to marry,
Would bring it soon to Desolation.

See

*Aspice vultum numine cultum,
 Flore, colore jucundum,
 Hic locus est, nam lucus adest
 In amoribus ad cœundum.*

IV.

*Bel. Ah pudet fari, cogor amari,
 Volo, sed nolo fateri,
 Expedit mari lenocinari,
 At libet ista tacere.
 Non amo te, quid tu amas me?
 Nam jugo premitur gravi
 Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
 Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.*

V.

*Dam. Candida Bella, splendida Stella,
 Languida lumina cerne,
 Emitte mella Eliz-Bella,
 Lentula tædia sperne.*

See my count'nance merry, cheeks red as Cherry
This Cover will never suspect us,
This Place it is private, 'tis Folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no Eyes to detect us.

IV.

Bell. 'Las Maidens must feign it, I love, tho'
I lain it,
would, but I will not confess it,
Years are conforing, and fain would be
sporting;
that Bashfulness shames to express it.
Love not thee, why shouldst thou love me?
That Yoke I cannot approve it,
Then lie still with one, I'd rather have none,
or I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

V.

Dam. My beauteous *Bell*, who Stars do excel,
mine Eyes never dries, but do wet me,
me comfort unbuckle, my sweet Honyfuckle,
me away, do not stay, I entreat thee.
Delay

*Mors mihi mora, hac ipsâ horâ
 Jungamus ora per undam,
 Nam locus est cui crimen abest
 In amoribus ad cœundum*

VI.

*Bel. Perge Damætas, nunc pruriit ætas,
 Me nudam accipe solam,
 Demitte pecus si Bellam petas,
 Exue virginis stolam.
 Sic amo te, si tu ames me,
 Nam jugo premitur suavi,
 Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
 Et amo, & amor, & amavi.*

7 NO 55

F I N I S.

Delay would undo me, hie quickly unto me,
This River will never suspect us,
This Place it is private, 'tis Folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no Eyes to detect us.

VI.

Bell. Comeon, *Dametas*, ripe Age doth fit us,
Take aside thy nak'd Bride, and enjoy her,
So thou cull thy Sweeting, let Flocks fall a
bleating,
My Maids Weed on thy Mede I'll bestow there.
Thus I love thee, so do thou love me,
The Yoke is so sweet, I approve it,
To lie still with one, is better than none,
I do love, I am lov'd, and have lov'd it.

The E N D.



I

M

A

Alert

Appl

Asht

Ask

Auth

Addr

Bainb

Banb

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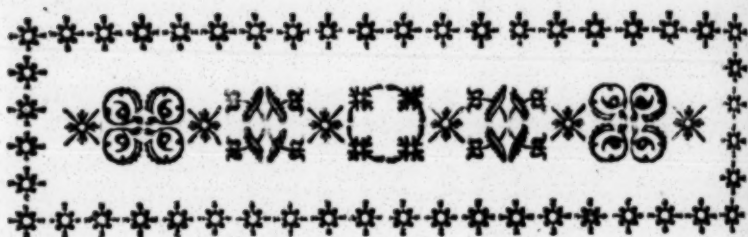
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LUCUS CHEVINUS.

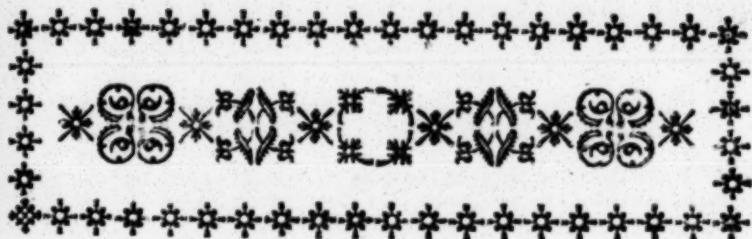


CANT.

VIVAT Rex noster nobilis,
 Omnis in tuto sit ;
 Venatus olim flebilis
 Chevino Luco fit.

Cane Foras ut abigat
 Percæus abiit ;

Vel



CHEVY CHASE.

CANT.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
 Our Lives and Safeties all :
 A woeful Hunting once there did
 In *Chevy-Chase* befall.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
 Earl *Piercy* took his Way,

A 2

The

*Vel Embrio elugeat
Quod Hodie accidit.*

*Comes ille Northumbriæ
Votum vovit Deo,
Ludos in sylvis Scotiæ
Habere triduo.*

*È Primis Cervis Cheviæ
Cæsos abripere:
Duglasium hæ notitiæ
Adibant properè.*

*Qui ore tenus delegat
Se ludum perdere:
At Percœus non hesitat
Ad Sylvas tendere,*

*Quingentis ter teliferis
Virtutis Belicæ*

Qui

Chevy Chase.

5

The Child may rue that is unborn
The Hunting of that Day.

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleasure in the *Scottish Woods*
Three Summers Days to take ;

The chieftest Harts in *Chevy-Chace*
To kill and bear away.
The Tydings to Earl *Douglas* came
in *Scotland*, where he lay ;

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present Word,
He would prevent his Sport.
The *English* Earl, not fearing this,
Did to the Woods resort,

With Fifteen Hundred Bowmen bold,
All chosen Men of Might,

A 3

Who

*Qui norunt, rebus arduis,
Sagittas mittere.*

*Curritur à venatico
Damas propellare;
Die Lunæ diluculo
Ad rem accingunt se;*

*Centumque Cervi sunt cæsi
Ante Meridiem;
Tunc redeunt, libis impleti,
Ad venationem.*

*De Monte Sagittarii,
Apti Militiæ,
Prodierunt Armarii
Hodie a Tergore.*

*Per Sylvas celcrant Canes,
Ut Cervos capiant;
Ac simul Montes et Valles
Latratu resonant.*

Fodinam

Chevy Chase.

7

Who knew full well, in Time of Need,
To aim their Shafts aright.

The gallant Greyhound swiftly run
To chase the Fallow Deer,
On *Monday* they began to hun,
When Day-light did appear;

And long before high Noon they had
An Hundred fat Bucks slain,
Then having din'd the Drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The Bowmen muster'd on the Hills,
Well able to endure.
Their Back-sides all with special Care,
That Day were guarded sure.

The Hounds ran swiftly thro' the Woods
The nimble Deer to take,
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
An Eccho shrill did make.

*Fodinam Comes adiit,
Ferinam visere,
Duglas minatus est, inquit,
Hic mecum affore.*

*Congressum autem desperans,
Mora non dabitur,
Quo dicto, Tyro elegans
Illum alloquitur ;*

*En! En! Duglasius emminus,
Armis cum splendidis,
Bis mille cum Militibus
Visui obviis ;*

*Cunctis de Valle Tiviæ
Ad Ripas Tuædis ;
Ludos, ait, intermitte
Arcubus habitis :*

*Et vobis, nunc, O nostrates
Tollatur Animus,*

Haud

Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
To view the tender Deer.
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised
This Day to meet me here :

If that I thought he would not come ;
No longer would I stay.
Then stept a brave young Gentleman,
Thus to the Earl did say :

Lo ! yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
His Men in Armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred *Scottish* Spears,
All marching in our Sight ;

All Men of pleasant *Tiviotdale*,
Fast by the River *Tweed*.
Then cease your Sport, Earl *Piercy* said,
And take your Bows with Speed :

And now with me, my Countrymen,
Your Courage forth advance ;

For

*Haud præsto fuit Athletes
Gallus vel Scotius*

*Mihi Equestris obuius
Quin postulante Re,
Evocat vellem comminus
Vi, Hastis Ludere.*

*Equisessor Dugladius,
Audax ille Baro,
Præfuit aliis omnibus
Aurato Clypeo.*

*Cujates, ait, ostendite
Hic ausi pellere
Ac, me invito, impete
Feras occidere.*

*Qui primus Verbum edidit
Percæus Nomine,
Qui sumus (ait) non libuit
Vobis ostendere ;*

At

Chevy Chase.

11

For never was their Champion yet
In *Scotland* or in *France*,

That ever did on Horseback come,
But if my Hap it were,
I durst encounter Man for Man
With him to break a Spear.

Earl *Douglas* on a milk-white Steed,
Much like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of his Company,
Whose Armour shone like Gold.

Shew me, said he, whose Men you be,
That hunt so boldly here ;
That without my Consent dare chase
And kill my Fallow Deer.

The first that did the Answer make
Was noble *Piercy* he,
Who said, we list not to declare,
Or shew whose Men we be ;

Yet

*At Sanguinem absumemus
Cervos destruere ;
Juravit tunc Duglafius,
Dixitque temerè ;*

*E nobis periet unus
Antequem devincar,
Tu Comes es bene notus
Egoque tui par.*

*At (siqua fides) est Scelus
Miserum deperdere
Ullos de his insontibus,
Immunes Scelere.*

*Nosmet pugnemus Cominus,
Viris absentibus.
Dispereat, inquit Percæus,
Huic adversarius.*

*Tunc Armiger exiluit
Witherington Nomine,*

Regem,

Yet we will spend our dearest Blood,
The chiefest Harts to slay.
Then *Douglas* swore a solemn Oath,
And thus in Rage did say:

Before I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy*, so am I.

But trust me, *Piercy*, I think it were
A great Offence to kill
Any of these our harmless Men,
For they have done no Ill;

Let thou and I the Battle try,
And set our Men aside.
Accurst be he, Lord *Piercy* said,
By whom this is deny'd.

Then stept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his Name,

Who

*Regem, ait, scire noluit
Hoc præ dedecore;*

*Quod Dux pugnaverat, Pedes,
Me stante obiter,
Vos duo estis Comites,
Ast ego Armiger;*

*Obnixè omne faciam,
Dum stare dabitur,
Ac dum vibrare Machæram
A me pugnabitur.*

*Anglicani tendunt Arcus,
Quam cordatissimè;
Decies sex à Missilibus
Cæduntur Scotici.*

*Adversus feras sectantes
Missit Duglasius
Torvum Ducem dimicantes,
Fraëtis Hostilibus.*

Incineti

Who said, I would not have it told
To *Henry* our King for Shame,

That e'er my Captain fought on Foot,
And I stood looking on :
You are two Earls, said *Witherington*,
And I a Squire alone ;

I'll do the best, that do I may,
Whilst I have Power to stand ;
Whilst I have Power to wield my Sword
I'll fight with Heart and Hand.

Our *English* Archers bent their Bow
Their Hearts were good and true ;
At the first Flight of Arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they flew.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
Earl *Douglas* had the Bent.
The Captains, mov'd with muckle Pride,
Their Spears to Shivers sent.

They

*Incinēti sunt celeriter
Parum Pigritiæ,
Multusque jacet Belliger
Inanis Animæ.*

*Pol! Dolor erat visere
Ac etiam audire,
Viros plangentes undique
Perfusus Sanguine.*

*Comites tandem cohibent
Multo Magnanimè;
Instar Leones feribant
Truci Certamine.*

*Pugnârunt vel intundere
Districtis Ensis,
Ac maduerunt Cruore
Æquè ac Imbribus.*

*Ut dedas, ait Duglasius,
Te ducam subitò,*

Ubi

They clos'd full fast on every Side,
No Slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gasping on the Ground.

Oh, Christ ! it was a Grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The Groans of Men lying in their Gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two great Earls did meet,
Like Captains of great Might,
Like Lions wood, they laid on Loads,
And made a cruel Fight ;

They fought until they both did sweat,
With Swords of temper'd Steel,
Until the Blood, like Drops of Rain,
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Earl *Piercy*, *Douglas*, said
In faith I will thee bring,

B

Where

*Ubi eris præpositus
A Rege Jacobo.*

*Pro Gratis redimam Captum
Et celebrabo te
Equitem quam magnificum
Et sine compare.*

*Cui Percæus ait, minime,
Quod offers respuo;
Nollem unquam me dedere
Viventi Scotico:*

*Tunc est emissus Calamus
Ab Arcu Anglico,
Quo fixus est Duglasius,
Heu, tenus Cerculo.*

*Qui verba hæc emurmurat,
Viri contendite;
Quid ni Mors mea propinquat
Spectante Comite.*

Tum

Where thou shalt high advanced be
By *James* our *Scottish* King :

Thy Ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous Knight
That ever I did see.

No, *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
Thy Proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any *Scot*,
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an Arrow keen,
Out of an *English* Bow,
Which struck Earl *Douglas* to the Heart,
A deep and deadly Blow ;

Who never spoke more Words than these,
Fight on, my merry Men all ;
For why, my Life is at an End,
Lord *Piercy* sees my Fall !

*Tum Percæus Exanimi,
Manum ut prenderet,
Dicit, Causâ Duglasii
Se Terras perdere.*

*Vel Cor, ait, fundit Sanguinem
Præ tui Gratiâ,
Nam nunquam talem Equitem
Removit Noxia.*

*Miles discernens Scoticus
Duglasium emori,
In Percæum Mortem ejus
Devovit ulcisci,*

*Hugo de Monte Gomerè,
Hastâ cum splendidâ,
Movit decursu celeri
Ferox per Agmina;*

*Præteriens Sagittarios
Anglos impavidè*

Percæios

Then, leaving Life, Earl *Piercy* took
The dead Man by the Hand,
And said, Earl *Douglas*, for thy Life
Would I had lost my Land :

O Christ ! my very Heart doth bleed
With Sorrow for thy Sake ;
For sure a more renowned Knight
Mischance did never take.

A Knight amongst the *Scots* there was,
Who saw Earl *Douglas* die,
Who straight in Wrath did vow Revenge
Upon the Lord *Piercy* ;

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
Who with a Spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant Steed,
Rode fiercely thro' the Fight,

And pass'd the *English* Archers all,
Without all Dread or Fear ;

*Percæios ventriculos
Foravit Cuspide ;*

*Tantâ cum Violentiâ
Fodit Corpuscula
Plus tres Pedes per Illia
Transivit Hastulâ.*

*Sic ceciderunt Comites,
Quam invictissimè,
Quum Sagittario subit Res
Percæum occidi.*

*Arcum intentum dexterâ
Factum insignitèr
Tres Pedes longâ Spiculâ
Implevit fortiter ;*

*Hugonem Gomeri versus
Sic Telum Statuit,
Vel anserinus Calamus
In Corde maduit.*

And through Earl *Piercy's* Body then
He thrust his hateful Spear ;

With such a vehement Force and Might
He did his Body gore,
The Spear went thro' the other Side
A full Cloth-Yard and more :

So thus did both these Nobles die,
Whose Courage none could stain,
An *English* Archer then perceiv'd
The noble Earl was slain ;

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a trusty Tree ;
An Arrow of a Cloth-Yard long
Unto the Head drew he ;

Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery* .
So right the Shaft he set :
The grey Goose Wing that was thereon
In his Heart's Blood was wet.

*Ad Vesperam ab Aurorâ
Duravit Prælium;
Octavâ scilicet Horâ
Vix est præteritum.*

*Cum Percæio est peremptus
Dominus de Egerton,
Joannes Ratcliffe, Robertus
Et Jacobus Baron,*

*Jacobus et Georgius,
Equestris Ordinis,
Radulphus Raby Dominus
Periit Magnanimis.*

*Pro Witherington sit gemitus
Ac si in tristibus,
Qui pugnavit de Genibus
Truncatis Cruribus.*

*Perierunt cum Duglasio
Hugo Gomericus,*

Cacolus

This Fight did last from Break of Day,
Till Setting of the Sun ;
For when they rung the Evening Bell,
The Battle scarce was done.

With brave Earl *Piercy* there were slain,
Sir *John* of *Egerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
Sir *James* that bold Baron ;

And with Sir *George* and stout Sir *James*,
Both Knights of good Account,
Good Sir *Ralph Rabbin* there was slain
Whose Prowess did surmount.

For *Witherington* needs must I wail,
As one in doleful Dumps :
For when his Legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his Stumps.

And with Earl *Douglas* there were slain,
Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,

Sir

Carolus Currel à Campo
Nunquam diceſſurus ;

De Ratcliffe Murrel Carolus
Nepos à Sorore ;
David Lamb bene habitus
Exanguì Corpore.

Ac etiam Markwell Dominus
Deditus eſt neci ;
Vix è duobus Millibus
Fugerunt ſex deni.

È ter quingenis Anglicis
Non ſex deni abiere ;
In Luco cæſis cæteris
Sub Fagi Tegmine.

A Plurimis cràs viduis
Lugetur miſerè ;
Vulnera lota Lachrymis
Nec prevaluere.

Cruentata

Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the Field
One Foot would never flee ;

Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,
His Sister's Son was he ;
Sir *David Lamb*, so esteem'd,
They saved could not be.

And the Lord *Maxwell* in likewise
Did with Earl *Douglas* die.
Of Twenty Hundred *Scottish* Spears,
Scarce Fifty-five did fly.

Of Fifteen Hundred *Englishmen*
Went Home but Fifty-three :
The rest were slain in *Chevy Chase*,
Under the Green-Wood-Tree.

Next Day did many Widows come,
Their Husbands to bewail :
They wash'd their Wounds in briny Tears,
Yet all would not prevail.

Their

*Cruentata Corpuscula
Secum abstulere ;
Millies dederunt Oscula
Defunctis Funere.*

*Fertur apud Edinburgham,
Regnante Jacobo,
Duglasium subito cæsum
Fuisse Jaculo :*

*O lamentabile, dixit,
Scotia sit Testis,
Haud alius Dux superfuit
Æqualis Ordinis.*

*Henrico tradibat Fama,
Pari Intervallo,
Percæium de Northumbricâ
Occisum in Luco :*

*Quum Rex edixit, valeat ;
Rebus sic stantibus,
Spero quod Regnum abundat
Quingenis talibus.*

Their Bodies, bath'd in purple Gore,
With them they bore away,
And kifs'd them dead a thousand Times,
When they were clad in Clay.

This News was brought to *Edinburgh*,
Where *Scotland's* King did reign,
That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly
Was with an Arrow slain.

Oh, heavy News! King *James* did say,
Scotland can Witnefs be,
I have not any Captain more
Of fuch Account as he.

Like Tidings to King *Henry* came,
Within as little Space,
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*
Was slain in *Chevy Chase*.

Now God be with him, said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be ;
I trust I have, within my Realm,
Five hundred good as he ;

Yet

*Ast sentient me ulciscensem
Scoti et Scotia,
Ac vindictam inferentem
Percæi Gratiâ.*

*Quod est a Rege præstitum
Cæsis in Montibus
Quinquies denis Militum
Nec non Baronibus.*

*Ac de Plebe perierunt
Centum perplurimi
Venatum sic finierunt
Percæi Domini.*

*Sit Rex et Grex beatulus
Pace et Copiâ;
Ac absit à Magnatibus
Malevolentia.*

7 NO 55

F I N I S.

Yet shall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* fay
But I will Vengeance take,
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl *Piercy's* Sake.

This Vow the King full well perform'd,
After at *Humble-Down*,
In one Day Fifty Knights were slain,
With Lords of great Renown ;

And of the rest, of small Account,
Did many Thousands die ;
Thus endeth the Hunting of *Chevy Chase*,
Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

God save the King, and blefs this Land,
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace ;
And grant henceforth, that foul Debate
'Twixt Noblemen may cease.

The E N D.

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